CIRCULATION LAST WEEK.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

NEXT MONDAY, NOV. 7th. "COUPON DAY."

See Fourth Page.

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Poetry.

A BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

My lady is lovely and noble and kind,
Too noble for me, I am sure;
She's the queen of all women, rich, true, and refined;
I am only gay-hearted and poor.

She's a leader of fashion, has a home of her own,
Her mansions are wondrous fair,
I am only a poet, I live all alone;
My castles are all in the air.

Alas, she's too wealthy and stylish for me,
I love her far more than my life,
But I'm too proud to marry; I never could be
A man that's maintained by his wife.

"We were made for each other," of this I am sure;
She likes me, I know by her eyes;
But she's so wealthy and I am so poor,
I can not support such a prize!

Then what in the world should a bachelor do
Who is busted teetotally flat?
Why, I'll ask for her hand, and her big fortune, too,
Then, work, to support her with that.
—Larry Chittenden, Poet-Ranchman.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Two roses in a garden grew,
Twin blossoms of beauty and delight;
And one blushed warm with love's own hue,
Chaste as the snow the other smiled.

A wandering breeze in wanton mood
Kissed with light grace each velvet cheek—
So many a flower he oft had wooed—
And thus his plaint stole 'neath the stars:

"Ah, White Rose, maiden sweet and fair,
I love, but thou art all too cold;
Why do thy cheeks no blushes wear?
Where is thy maiden heart of fire?"

The White Rose stirred, and all the air
Breathed with the passion of her hopes;
"If that no blush my love declare,
Still love me; my cheek paled for thee."

Ah, love, thy life-tides rise and fall
Unseen by eye, unheard by ear;
Far in the heart love's voices call;
Love's fire lies hidden under snow.
—Mary C. Francis.

MY POTPOURRI.

Over the earth the sky is bending,
Into the rose the sunbeams shine,
Unto the rose their sweetness lending,
Out of their hearts divine.
Clover blooms with their wine brim over,
Drunken goeth the tempted bee;
Scent of the rose and breath of the clover
Live in my potpourri.

Rosebud, born at the daylight's dawning,
Rose in bloom in the noonday shine,
Did you foresee on a happy morning
Love in this heart of mine?
Did you hear, as a step fell nightly,
Did you blush as you bent to see,
And were you glad as he kissed you lightly,
Rose that he gave to me?

Only a tale of a golden summer
Crowned with roses that all might see,
Only a song of a royal comer,
Lord of my life and me.
Dreams of love and a bright, young lover,
Silvery gleams on a moonlit sea;
Rose leaves whisper the sweet tale over
Out of my potpourri.
—Gulf Messenger.

THE CATTLE BELLS.

Far down the brown autumnal haze—
High on the peak is snow—
Cattle that smell the wintry days
Tinkle their bells as thy go.

Out of a thick veil drawn to save
The sky's face from the blast,
Those tiny bells, as fairies wave
Their wand, evoke the past.

That music once before I heard,
But then the notes were glad,
Carrolling like a careless bird—
Ah, why now is it sad?

Upon this brow now crowned by care
My love a garland laid;
We heard the bells, now here, now there—
Dead are the leaves and maid.

Mayhap for happier maid and man
The tender music swells;
And I will smile while yet I can
List to the cattle bells.
—Harper's Weekly.

WHAT?

If at high noon with love she play,
And from your twilight whisper shrink,
Yet sing you love's own roundelay,
What shall you think?

If she find words to make men rue
Her soft dismissal, yet delay,
Rose flushed and mute, when your eyes woo,
What shall you say?

If from the feast where glasses clink
To hail her queen, she stray with you
Night's summer scented kiss to drink,
What shall you do?
—London World.

Our Story Teller.

THE GREAT SHADOW.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Micah Clarke," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

A WANDERING EAGLE.

My father seemed to be much of Jim Horscroft's opinion, for he was not over warm to his new guest, and looked him up and down with a very questioning eye. He sat a dish of vinegared herrings before him, however, and I noticed that he looked more askance than ever when my companion ate nine of them, for two were always our portion. When at last he had finished, Bonaventure de Lapp's lids were drooping over his eyes, for I doubt not that he had been sleepless as well as foodless for these three days. It was but a poor room to which I led him, but he threw himself down upon the couch, wrapped his big blue cloak around him and was asleep in an instant. He was a very high and strong snorer, and, as my room was next to his, I had reason to remember that we had a stranger within our gates.

When I came down in the morning I found that he had been beforehand with me, for he was seated opposite my father at the window-table in the kitchen, their heads almost touching, and a little roll of gold pieces between them. As I came in my father looked up at me, and I saw a light of greed in his eyes such as I had never seen before. He caught up the money with an eager clutch, and swept it into his pocket.

"Very good, mister," said he. "The room's yours, and you pay always on the third of the month."

"Ah, and here is my first friend," cried De Lapp, holding out his hand to me with a smile which was kindly enough, and yet had that touch of patronage which a man uses when he smiles to his dog. "I am myself again now, thanks to my excellent supper and good night's rest. Ah, it is hunger that takes the courage from a man. That most, and cold next. Ah, my friend, you will do me the honors with madame and with mademoiselle."

It was my mother and Edie who had come into the kitchen. He had not seen them the night before, but now it was all I could do to keep my face as I watched him, for, instead of our homely Scottish nod, he bent up his back like a leaping trout, and slid his foot, and clapped his hand over his heart in the queerest way. My mother stared, for she thought he was making fun of her, but Cousin Edie fell into it in an instant, as though it had been a game, and away she went in a great courtsey, until I thought she would have had to give it up and sit right down there in the middle of the kitchen floor. But, no; she was up again as light as a piece of fluff, and we all drew up our stools and started on the scones and milk and porridge.

He had a wonderful way with women, that man. Now, if I were to do it, or Jim Horscroft, it would look as if we were playing the fool, and the girls would have laughed at us; but with him it seemed to go with his style of face and fashion of speech, so that one came at last to look for it. For when he spoke to my mother or to Cousin Edie—and he was never backward in speaking—it would always be with a bow and a look as if it would hardly be worth their while to listen to what he had to say; and when they answered he would put on a face as though every word they said was to be treasured up and remembered forever. And yet, even while he humbled himself to a woman, there was always a proud sort of look at the back of his eye, as if he meant to say that it was only to them that he was so meek and that he could be stiff enough upon occasion. As to my mother, it was wonderful the way that she softened to him, and in half an hour she had told him all about her uncle, who was a surgeon in Carlisle and the highest of any upon her side of the house. As to Edie, she did not say much, but she kept shooting little glances at our visitor and once or twice he looked very hard at her.

When he had gone to his room, after breakfast, my father pulled out eight golden pounds and laid them on the table.

"What think ye of that, Martha?" said he.

"You've sold the two black tups after all?"

"No, but it's a month's pay for board and lodging from Jock's friend, and as much to come every four weeks."

But my mother shook her head when she heard it. "Two pounds a week is over-much," said she. "And it is not well understand, for they gave you a fine upbringing at Birtwhistle's. But after that I always noticed that the Major never used the same free fashion of speech that we did toward our lodger, but bowed when he addressed him, and treated him with a wonderful deal of respect. I asked the Major more than once what he knew about him, but he always put it off, and I could get no answer out of him.

Jim Horscroft was at home all that summer, but late in the autumn he went back to Edinburgh again for the winter session, and as he intended to work very hard and get his degree next spring if he could, he said that he would bide up there for the Christmas. So there was a great leave-taking between him and Cousin Edie, and he was to put up his plate and to marry her as soon as he had the right to practice. I never knew a man love a woman more fondly than he did her, and she liked him well enough in a way, for indeed in the whole of Scotland she would not find a finer-looking man; but when it came to marriage I think she winced a little at the thought that all her wonderful dreams should end in nothing more than in being the wife of a country surgeon.

Well, the summer and the autumn and the best part of the winter passed away, and we were still all very happy together. We got well into the year 1815, and the great Emperor was still eating his heart out at Elba, and all the ambassadors were wrangling together at Vienna as to what they should do with the lion's skin, now that they had so fairly hunted him down. And we in our little corner of Europe, went on with our petty, peaceful business, looking after the sheep, attending the Berwick cattle fairs, and chatting at night round the blazing peat fire. We never thought at that time all these high and mighty people were doing could have any bearing upon us, and as to war—why, everybody was agreed that the great shadow was lifted from us forever, and that, unless the allies quarreled amongst themselves, there would not be a shot fired in Europe for another fifty years.

There was one incident, however, that stands out very clearly in my memory. I think that it must have happened about the February of this year—and I will tell it to you before I go any further.

You know what the border peel-castles are like, I have no doubt. They were just square keeps, built every here and there along the line, so the folk might have some place of protection against raiders and moss-troopers. When Percy and his men were over the Narches, then the people would thrive some of their cattle into the yard of the tower, shut up the big gate, and light a fire in the brazier at the top, which would be answered by other peel-towers, until the lights would go twinkling up to the Lammermuir hills, and so carry the news on to the Pentlands and to Edinburgh. But now, of course, all these old keeps were warped and crumbling, and made fine nesting-places for the wild birds. Many a good egg have I had for my collection out of the Corriemuir peel towers.

One day I had a very long walk, away over to leave a message at the Laidlaw Armstrongs, who live two miles on this side of Ayton. About 5 o'clock, just before the sunset, I found myself on the brae-path, with the gable end of West Inch peeping up in front of me, and the old peel-tower lying on my left. I turned my eyes on the keep, for it looked so fine with the flush of the level sun beating full upon it, and the blue sea stretching out behind. And as I stared I suddenly saw the flare of a man twinkle for a moment in one of the holes in the wall.

DE LAPP CALMS THE BULL DOG.

"Well, I stood and wondered over this, for what could anybody be doing in such a place, now that it was too early for the nesting season? It was so queer that I was determined to come to the bottom of it, so, tired as I was, I turned my shoulder on bonny, and I walked swiftly toward the tower. The grass stretches right up to the very base of the wall, and my feet made little noise until I reached the crumbling arch where the old gate used to be. I peeped through, and there was Bonaventure De Lapp standing inside the keep and peeping out through the very hole at which I had seen his face. He was turned half away from me, and it was clear that he had not seen me at all, for he was staring with all his eyes over in the direction of West Inch. As I advanced my foot rattled the rubble that lay in the gateway, and he turned round with a start and faced me.

He was not a man whom you could put out of countenance, and his face changed no more than if he had been expecting me there for a twelvemonth, but there was something in his eyes that let me know that he would have paid a good price to have me back on the brae-path again.

"Hullo!" said I, "what are you doing here?"

"I may ask you that," said he.

"I came up because I saw your face at the window."

"And I, because, as you may well have observed, I have very much interest for all that has to do with the military, and, of course, with those who are among them. You will excuse me for one moment, my dear Jack," and he stepped out suddenly through the hole in the wall, so as to be out of my sight.

But I was very much too curious to excuse him so easily. I shifted my ground quickly to see what it was that he was after. He was standing outside and waving his hand frantically, as in a signal.

"What are you doing?" I cried, and then running out to his side, I looked across the moors to see whom he was beckoning to.

"You go too far, sir," said he angrily, "I didn't thought you would have gone so far. A gentleman has the freedom to act as he chooses, without your watching the spy upon him. If we are to be friends, you must not interfere in my affairs."

"I don't like these secret doings," said I, "and my father would not like them, either."

"Your father can speak for himself, and there is no secret," said he curtly. "It is you, with your imaginings, that make a secret. Ta, ta, ta! have done with such foolishness." And, without so much as a nod, he turned his back upon me and started walking swiftly to West Inch.

Well, I followed him, and in the worst of tempers, for I had a feeling that there was some mischief in the wind, and yet I could not think for the life of me what it all meant. Again I found myself puzzling over the whole mystery of this man's coming, and of his long residence among us. And whom could he have expected to meet at the peel-tower? Was the fellow a spy? and was it some brother spy who came to speak with him there? But that was absurd. What could there be to spy about in Berwickshire, and besides, Major Dalrymple knew all about him, and he would not show him such respect if there were anything in it.

I may just get as far as this in my thoughts when I heard a cheery hail, and there was the Major himself coming down the hill from his house, with his big bull-dog, Bounder, held in leash. This dog was a savage creature, and had caused more than one accident on the country side, but the Major was very fond of it, and would never go out without it, though he kept it tied with a good, thick thong of leather. Well, as I was looking at the Major, waiting for him to come up, he stumbled with his lame leg over a branch of gorse, and in recovering himself he let go his hold of the leash, and in an instant there was the beast of a dog flying down the hillside in my direction.

I did not like it, I can tell you, for there was neither stick nor stone about, and I knew that the brute was dangerous. The Major was shrieking to it from behind, and I think that the creature thought that he was hallooing it on, so furiously did it rush. But I knew its name, and I thought that maybe that might give me the privilege of speaking to it, so as it came at me with bristling hair, and its nose screwed back between its two red eyes, I cried out, "Bounder! Bounder!" at the pitch of my lungs. It had its effect, for the brute passed me with a snarl, and flew along the path on the traces of Bonaventure De Lapp.

He turned at the shouting, and seemed to take in the whole thing at a glance, but he strolled along as slowly as ever. My heart was in my mouth for him, for the dog had never seen him before, and I ran as fast as my feet would carry me to drag it away from him. But somehow, as it bounded up and saw the twittering finger and thumb which De Lapp held out behind him, its fury died suddenly away, and we saw it wagging its thumb of a tail and clawing at his knee.

"Your dog, then, Major?" said he, as its owner came hobbling up. "Ah, it is a fine beast—a fine, pretty thing."

The Major was blowing hard, for he had covered the ground nearly as fast as I had.

"I was afraid lest he might have hurt you," he panted.

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried De Lapp. "He is a pretty, gentle thing. I always love the dogs. But I am glad that I met you, Major, for here is this young gentleman, to whom I owe very much, who has begun to think that I am a spy. Is it not so, Jack?"

I was so taken aback with his words that I could not lay my tongue to an answer, but colored up and looked askance, like the awkward country lad that I was.

"You know me, Major," said De Lapp; "and I am sure that you will tell him that this could not be."

"No, no, Jack! Certainly not! Certainly not!" cried the Major.

"Thank you," said De Lapp. "You know me, and you do me justice. And yourself, I hope that your knee is better, and that you will soon have your regiment given you."

"I am well enough," answered the Major; "but they will never give me a place unless there is war, and there will be no more war in my time."

"Oh! you think that?" said De Lapp, with a smile. "Well, nous verrons! we shall see, my friend!" He whisked off his hat, and, turning briskly, he walked off in the direction of West Inch. The Major stood looking after him with thoughtful eyes and then asked me what it was that had made me think that he was a spy. When I told him he said nothing, but he shook his head and looked like a man who was ill at ease in his mind.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellany.

SIX CUTE GIRLS,

And How They Secured Husbands For Themselves.

Six young ladies in Ohio, having received attentions from six young men, exchanged confidences, and came to a mutual understanding.

Although matters seemed to be progressing according to their wishes, there is still a certain impatience of victory among Eve's daughters, and they resolved upon an audacious move, which should prove to the objects of their affection that they were, one and all, really good housekeepers.

They fixed upon a day, secured the house of a mutual friend, and sent out six invitations to a luncheon that was to be prepared and served by their own hands. Upon the appointed day the six young men, punctual to such an appetizing engagement, were welcomed by six pretty cooks dressed like the soubrettes in a comedy, with bare arms, dainty little caps, short skirts and embroidered white aprons. After having conducted their guests upon a tour of inspection, letting them peep into the ovens and oversee the cooking of the beefsteaks, that they might be sure there was no trickery, they all sat down to a table decked with flowers, and enjoyed a delicious meal perfectly served.

A few weeks later Ohio was the richer by six more young households. —N. Y. World.

PORTABLE BOOM TOWNS.

Secrets of the Business Disclosed in a Short Conversation.

"I want to buy a portable blast furnace, a movable hotel and a town hall that can be taken apart and put together," said a man with a strong Southern accent to a general dealer in Broadway.

"Certainly, sir," replied the dealer, booking the order.

"Now what I wish to know is whether it is possible to obtain a macadamized road that can be yanked around."

"I am afraid not."

"Well, we'll have to do without that feature. You see, I'm opening up a boom town in Georgia and as soon as I've sold the lots I'm going to tote the furnace and the hotel and the town hall over into Tennessee and start a new stand. I did want to bill the macadamized road, but I wouldn't like to have to leave it behind.

"The other goods must be ready before Christmas, as we open at New Year's. Make them look substantial and age them a bit. The furnace ought by rights to be lined with tin, because some suspicious fool may want to light a fire in it before he invests in lots.

"I was thinking of ordering a hardware store and three or four rods of street car line, but I have an old grocery and a trolley system in an Alabama city I used to own, and I guess I can make them do one more time. Don't fail to have those things in season, because there's nothing there yet." —New York Herald.

SMALL FRENCH FAMILIES.

The Deaths Annually Exceed the Births in France—A Startling Fact.

According to the report of the chief of the statistical bureau of France there were 838,059 births during the year 1890, and 838,505 deaths. Although the data of recent years had led students of statistics to expect that the annual deaths in France would soon equal the births, yet such a sudden and startling revelation was entirely unexpected and the officials are trying to discover the causes of this phenomenon, which stands absolutely unique on the continent. The main reason doubtless for the present abnormal condition is the wide-spread evasion of large families. In France the one-or-two system prevails. On the average France reports 150 children to every 100 families. In other countries the average is more than 300; in England as great as 380. A singular phenomenon in this connection is the fact that in 1890 the number of illegitimate children of French mothers decreased 2,777. Another fact to be taken into consideration is the physical degeneracy of the people; the higher classes by high living have become effeminate; the lower classes have become weakened and dwarfed by the tasks imposed upon them. It is an undeniable fact that it has become harder and harder for the average family to secure the necessaries of life. The cost of living steadily increases.—New York Ledger.

Self-Protection.

Ivy—"There! That was a good idea, to put the cat in the closet. Mamma can't say I ate the cake, that's certain."—Puck.

Raises Her Own Tea.

Mrs. Increase Sumner, of Stark, Bradford county, raises her own tea, and has treated her guests to cups of the home-treated her beverage, which were pronounced delicious. She says that owing to rapid growth she has to cut off the bushes every three or four years, while in China this is done only once in seven years. She gathers three crops a year. The finest tea costs $15 a pound, but will not stand a sea voyage, and never gets further than Russia, but her bushes furnish it to her for the picking.—Florida Dispatch.

He Defined a Cynic.

A pupil in a public school having answered the question, "What is a cynic?" by saying, "A cynic is a philosopher who leads a dog's life," a writer in the Boston Journal remarks: "Evidently the pupil has confused the words 'cynic' and 'canine' and attempted to bring in something of both." Evidently nothing of the kind. "Cynic" is derived direct from the Greek "kuon" and "kunikos," meaning "dog" and "dog-like;" and, in fact, "canine" is derived from a Latin word of the same meaning. Undoubtedly the teacher had explained the origin of "cynic," and thus the association of a dog with the specific meaning of the word got a lodgment in the child's mind. Anyhow, as the Journal suggests, the definition is not a bad one.—New York Tribune.

No Time to Lose.

He—They tell me you never expect to marry?

She—Indeed I do.

He—Well, your father's got to make an awful lot of money in an awfully short time, then.—Truth.

An Old Proverb Disproved.

"How are the hot cakes selling this morning?" asked the restaurant proprietor of the head waiter.

"Slow, sir; very slow."—Puck.

The Reason of It.

Woman don't indulge in fistic encounters, because she never could "get her gloves on" in time.—Puck.

SHE BAFFLED THE CZAR.

Remarkable Performances of Miss Bentley, the English Girl.

Miss Bentley, the English magnetic girl who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Cumberland on their recent trip to Copenhagen, before the golden wedding party broke up, rather surprised his majesty of Russia by some of her experiments. He keenly watched the efforts of the prince royal of Greece to push to the ground a billiard cue held by Miss Bentley in her hands, and with considerable alacrity he took his nephew's place after he had failed. The czar grasped the cue with both hands and put his enormous strength into the effort to get the point of the cue to the ground. It bent and quivered, but all his majesty's efforts, like those of his predecessor, were in vain.

But a still greater surprise was in store. He placed his hands under Miss Bentley's elbows and lifted; up went the young English girl until her fair hair almost touched the ceiling. Then Mr. Cumberland explained that on that occasion Miss Bentley had allowed her-

MISS BENTLEY.

self to be lifted, but when his majesty next tried he would find it impossible to move her. The czar smiled. But the smile quickly gave way to a look of perplexity when all his efforts to lift her the hundredth part of an inch from the ground were unavailing. Still more surprised was he when Miss Bentley, lightly resting her fingers against the wall, resisted the efforts of various members of the royal party to push her against the wall.

The experiment with a chair, in which Miss Bentley, by merely placing a hand on each side of the back of the chair, with the thumbs slightly curved, lifted a person seated thereon, excited the czar's profound attention, and he sat on the chair and was lifted. Then the prince royal of Greece sat upon his majesty's knee, and up went the chair. To them were added the crown prince of Denmark and the duke of Cumberland—one emperor, two future kings and one king in posse. Never was there so much royalty upon one single chair before. Their collective weight was certainly not less than 60 stone. The chair was grasped by Miss Bentley as before, and up it went, emperor, princes and all, three or four inches from the ground. The czar's first look was one of surprise, his second one of warm congratulation.

It was while the magnetic craze was at its height in London that Mr. Cumberland, one night after supper, quite casually suggested that Miss Bentley should try and see if she were a "magnet." Some experiments were tried, and she succeeded in a truly remarkable manner. Her first actual test experiments were given a few weeks later at Mr. Labouchere's house, in Old Palace Yard. Miss Bentley is young; she is in her 22d year, and at her age very few, if any, succeed in getting themselves so widely known as she is. But then it is not every one who can lift the czar.

A DEVOTED WIFE.

The Sort of a Time Her Husband has Every Morning.

Mr. Waytrane—Well, dearie, I must be off. Good-bye. (Kisses her affectionately.)

Mrs. Waytrane—Oh, Jack, but that awful accident on the road yesterday! And to think you must come and go in those horrid trains! I shall be just in terror until I see you safe home.

Mr. Waytrane (reassuringly)—Now, now, pet, don't anticipate evil. I only wish I could stay with you, but business, you know——

Mrs. Waytrane (resignedly)—Yes, of course, but, dear, you must, oh, you must!

Mr. Waytrane—I will be careful. I shall remember every moment how anxious you are.

Mrs. Waytrane—But I mean you ought to take precautions for my sake.

Mr. Waytrane (fervently)—I shall, indeed. Of course there is not much one can do to avert railway accidents——

Mrs. Waytrane—I mean—you ought to have your affairs arranged. I'm sure you've never made a will, and I haven't any idea how to go about getting your insurance money or anything. I was just reflecting that if something dreadful should happen what would become of me?

Mr. Waytrane (after a long pause)—Oh, you'd get along, I think. Well, I'm off. Good-bye.

Mrs. Waytrane (sadly)—And he leaves me in that cold, careless manner, when I have just shown him how deeply I feel! How heartless men are! How little they understand the devotion of a woman!—Judge.

Prepared for Him.

"These apple-dumplings of yours Lobella," said Mr. McSwat, heartily, "in their way are a little ahead of anything I've seen. You have no objections to my putting one of them in my pocket and taking it down to the office, have you?"

"Certainly not, Billiger," replied Mrs. McSwat. "I am glad they please you, dear."

* * * * * * *

"Now, then," muttered Mr. McSwat, savagely, as he walked down town with his hand in his right overcoat pocket, "I'd just like to see that everlasting crooked-legged, snub-nosed dog in the next block run out and snap at me again!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Fortunate Miship.

"There was an accident in the museum this morning," said the manager. "The fat lady sat down on one of the spectators and before he could cry out had nearly crushed the life out of him."

"Does that mean a lawsuit?" asked his wife.

"It would if I hadn't thought to offer the man $10 a week to join the show as a human flounder. He's joined."—Life.

His Good Name.

"I prize my good name above everything on earth."

"Then you must have two of them What is your good alias?"

"I have but one name. It is Jones, sir. What do you mean?

"Oh, nothing, only I have seen it lately on several protested notes and have been told that it wasn't worth the ink used in writing it, that's all."—Exchange.

Unspeakable Joy.

"Nothing can make a woman so superlatively happy as to have a baby of her own to kiss," exclaimed Mrs. McBride, rapturously, as she fondled her first-born.

"My dear," exclaimed her husband, pityingly, "you can never know the unutterable joy of being 'next' in a crowded barber shop on Saturday."—Brooklyn Life.

To Take His Place.

"Have you a parrot that swears?" asked a woman as she entered the bird-store.

"I suppose I could get one," replied the dealer, "but I never had such a call before."

"You see, my husband went out West a month ago, and I'm sort o' lonesome."—Judge.

Got It at Last.

Clarence—"Charley Knowlittle committed suicide by blowing his brains out."

Beckson—"Well, well! and so he managed to get something through his head at last, did he?"—Life.

Gratified Inquisitiveness.

"What is your father?"

"He's dead."

"But what was he before he was dead?"

"He was alive."—London Globe.

NOVELTY IN MAGIC SQUARES.

Peculiar Mathematical Puzzle by an Eminent Professor.

An eminent Tyneside mathematician, Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse, has lately invented a Novelty in Magic Squares, and we have obtained the author's permission to reproduce it in these columns. The novelty, we are sure, will interest our readers as much for its intrinsic merit as from feelings of admiration for a local celebrity. Mr. Woolhouse was born at North Shields in 1809, and has consequently now reached the venerable age of 83. Numerous contributions from his pen have appeared from time to time in the Journal of the Institute of Actuaries, as well as in the Philosophical Magazine, and other scientific publications. Mr. Woolhouse is the author of a work on the Differential Calculus, now used as a text book in many colleges. He is also the author of a "Treatise on Musical Intervals, Temperament, and the Elementary Principles of Music," of which a second edition was published in 1888, and a third edition in 1890. Amongst his possessions is a collection of violins which is said to be one of the rarest in England.

The subject is here principally directed to squares of five, having 25 compartments. A magic square of five is a square having its 25 compartments occupied by the consecutive numbers 1 to 25 so arranged that the separate summation of each horizontal band, vertical column, and each diagonal, shall give the same amount.

1. The first step in the process of formation is to make arbitrary and independent arrangements, A and B, of the two sets of five consecutive figures, 0 1 2 3 4 and 1 2 3 4 5; the same, in each case, to contain all the five figures, but placed in any order whatever. For the present example take the following:

A..34012 B..21543

2. The second step is to permute these separately into clusters, thus:

A	B	5A x B				
34012	21543	17	21	5	9	13
01234	43215	4	8	12	16	25
23401	15432	11	20	24	3	7
40123	32154	23	2	6	15	19
12340	54321	10	14	18	22	1

In permuting A every new line begins

W. S. B. WOOLHOUSE.

with the last three figures of the line preceding, and the other two figures follow on.

In permuting B every new line begins with the last two figures of the line preceding, and the other three figures follow on.

An examination of each of the clusters A and B will show that each line, column, and diagonal contains all the five figures, only differently placed. A due consideration of this fact will explain the fundamental principle of the construction.

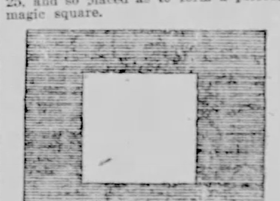
3. The third step is to prepare the compartments of the square of five, as shown on the right hand, and to fill in the several numbers in their due order, the same being found by taking five times each figure in the cluster A and adding thereto the corresponding figure contained in the cluster B. And thus the numbers of the initial magic square of five are completed.

4. The fourth and last step is to prepare, with tolerable accuracy, the compartments of a square of ten, and then to insert, in each of its four quarters, the numbers contained in the initial magic square of five already found.

The final result is the following very curious nest of magic squares:

17	21	5	9	13	17	21	5	9	13
4	8	12	16	25	4	8	12	16	25
11	20	24	3	7	11	20	24	3	7
23	2	6	15	19	23	2	6	15	19
10	14	18	22	1	10	14	18	22	1
17	21	5	9	13	17	21	5	9	13
4	8	12	16	25	4	8	12	16	25
11	20	24	3	7	11	20	24	3	7
23	2	6	15	19	23	2	6	15	19
10	14	18	22	1	10	14	18	22	1

Any square having 25 compartments, that can be taken within the range of the above table of family compartments, will contain the set of numbers 1 to 25, and so placed as to form a perfect magic square.



The selection of a square is practically facilitated by having a piece of cardboard with a square piece cut out, just sufficient to show the required square. Twenty-five different magic squares are thus exhibited; and by mere inspection one may be easily chosen such that any given number may occupy any stated compartment.

If a wall were papered with the above table, as a pattern, the "magic squares" might be taken upon it "ad libitum."

—By varying the initial disposition of the figures in A and B and operating in the same way, other systems may be constructed having the same remarkable properties.

Love.

Love puts thorns on friendship.
Jealousy is love turned upside down.
Men measure love by time, while women measure it by eternity.
Love is a great care.
Love needs no messenger to say it has come.
Love is twin to sorrow.
Love can not be hidden.
Each one has his own definition for love.
Hate is love gone mad.

Had Found Each Other Out.

Wife of Ten Years—"I read a lot of your old love letters to-day."

Husband of Ditto—"Did you? What was the effect?"

Wife of Ten Years—"I could not help wondering which was the greater fool—you for writing them or I for reading them."—Exchange.

Won a Prize.

Bride—How much does lover-lover think his little duckie darling is worth to him?

Groom—A million billion dollars.

Bride—Oh! All that?

Groom—Yes, indeed, my angel. You are a perfectly divine little cook.—New York Weekly.

Exclusive.

Miss Fussanfeather—My banjo is company enough for me.

Mr. Goode—I see you like to pick your company.—Yonkers Statesman.

FOILED BY A WIFE'S MISTAKE.

Sad Experience of a Detective With a Marked $10 Bill.

He was considered one of the best in his line. The case that required the most intelligent, persistent and careful work was the one that was usually assigned to him. He had been at work on one for three or four weeks, and at last had secured what he considered "clinching evidence."

It was a bribery case and his work had been to entrap the would-be briber. He had done it. He had secured a single $10 note of the bribe money, but that was enough. The envelope containing the money had been opened in the presence of three persons, says the Chicago Mail, and each had put his mark on the bill so that it could be identified.

Naturally he was jubilant. People will be when they think they have won a great victory, and he had all the evidence he wanted in his pocket—an inside pocket at that. The bird was practically caught, and he went home exulting.

Now, mark what can happen to a man who has every prettily won, but is careless. He thought of going to headquarters and depositing his evidence in a vault, but it was a long distance, and then it would be better any way to go to the chief in the morning and announce that he had bagged the game. So he took it home.

Once or twice he thought he was followed, but when he reached home he scouted the idea. He turned in and slept soundly. Robbery did not occur to him, even in his dreams.

In the morning—well, in the morning the money was gone. He almost fainted when he discovered his loss, and rushed into the dining-room crying:

"I've been robbed! I've been robbed!"

"Nonsense," replied his wife, "what is missing?"

"A $10 bill."

"I took it," she said calmly. "I wanted to pay the butcher and I didn't want to wake you. But I didn't touch the money in your pocket book. I took that loose $10 bill that was in your inside pocket. I'll get you another if you need it, but I thought that was one you had put aside for me."

He didn't try to explain. He didn't even answer, but he hunted up a broad, smooth sheet of water, and for an hour stood looking over it muttering to himself. At last he seemed to have made up his mind. He hastily wrote a note to his chief, took it to headquarters and left it. A minute later he was lost in the crowd on the street.

The note read:

"Please put me back on patrol duty. Several years ago I made a serious blunder that makes me unfit for detective work. I married."

NO CASH, NO QUESTION MARKS.

So the Anxious Woman Left Her Husband to Guess a Little.

A woman rushed into the Western Union office on Saturday afternoon and scratched off a dispatch. She read it over walking from the table to the receiving window, and once again before handing it through the bars.

The clerk read it. A smile crept over his face. When the woman turned her face away he could have been seen to wink at his elbow neighbor.

"Do you want these interrogation marks to go?" he asked very gently.

"Why, certainly," she said, and a slight blush tinged her cheeks.

"Then it will be three words extra, or $1.20."

"Why, impossible!"

"The rate to 'Frisco," said the clerk, "is 40 cents a word. Here are three question marks," and he read the dispatch:

"J. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Are you and the baby well? May I stay a week longer? You don't forget to lock the cellar door every night, do you?—Carrie."

"Well, I don't see what the question marks have to do with the charge?" said the woman. "I have been telegraphing for ten years and never had this happen before."

"Every question mark counts as a word now."

The woman took back the yellow paper, dallied with it a while and then returned it. The interrogation had disappeared. She paid the regular charge and went away.

This rule is not a new one, according to the Western Union authorities. It is an old one revived. It was in vigorous operation until a number of years ago, when it became a dead letter. The first of the month orders were sent out to charge for interrogation marks. A great many operators of the new generation had never heard of the old rule, and made up their minds that it was a new regulation.

Though the public are pinched a bit by this embargo on inquiry, they gain by the new classification of figures which went into effect on October 1. Before, every numeral counted as a word; now the rule is to count six to the left and count every three numerals one word.—N. Y. Sun.

A RIVER OF DESOLATION.

The Latest Overflow of the Great Chemical River Hoang-Ho.

The Hoang Ho has again given fresh proof of its right to the title of "China's Sorrow." Fifty thousand people have perished in the latest overflow. The calamity, however, is not so colossal as that of 1887, when several hundred thousand people were drowned. The submerged district is said to embrace 4,500 square miles. The largest of the series of lakes formed by the overflow five years ago covered as much ground as has been submerged by the present floods. It is a curious fact that the history of China may be said to begin with an account of a flood in the Yellow river over 4,000 years ago, when the submerged region was drained by the great Emperor Yao. From that day to this the great river has been the cause of constant anxiety to the government and people. Enormous embankments have been built to hem in the waters. When the freshets come an army of men is employed along the banks to watch for and strengthen them at any place where signs of weakness appear. In spite of their vigilance breaches occur almost every year and regions of greater or less extent are inundated. Since the Christian era began the river has changed its course six or seven times, and it now empties into the sea hundreds of miles north of its former mouth. The unparalleled calamity of 1887 was caused by the swollen river entirely deserting its bed, 300 miles from its mouth, and pouring over a densely populated plain as it forced a new road to the sea. Finally the breach was closed and the river was returned to its old channel.—New York Sun.

RALEIGH'S ADVICE

To His Son—The Wisdom of the Noted Sir Walter.

Amongst all other things of the world, take care of the estate, which thou shalt ever preserve, if thou observe these three things:

First, that thou knowest what thou hast, what everything is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never add anything before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults and scourged for other men's offenses, which is the surety for another; for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins, and above all things, if thou be an ass to carry the burdens of other men. If any desire to be surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee further, be is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou attest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an evasion for a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, he needs not; therefore from suretyship, as from a man slayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this—that if thou force him for whom thou art bound to pay it himself, he will become thine enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou will become a beggar.

MAN O'WAR GRUB

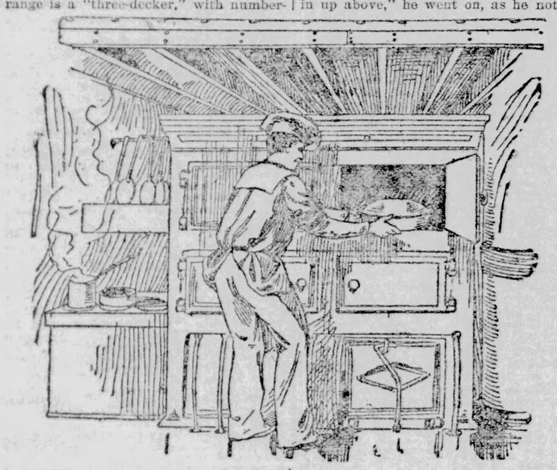
WHAT THE SAILORS LIVE ON.

A Glimpse Into the Culinary Department of a Big Man-of-War—Much Cooking for 250 Men.

To see how the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" fulfills his guardian duties in the provision department to poor Jack and all who go down to the sea in ships, a New York Journal reporter paid a visit to some of the craft in port.

He started at the Navy Yard over in Brooklyn. It was a busy place. Several of our first-class war vessels were at anchor there, and the reporter chose the Boston, boarded her and applied himself to the culinary authorities of the cruiser.

The Boston carries a complement of 250 men. The requirements of this small army in the matter of sustenance being considerable, her galley is always a busy corner. It is situated amidships, and the reporter found all the cook's assistants gathering around a huge range preparing the coming meal. The range is a "three-decker," with numberless ovens in unexpected places, and having its broad surface hidden by pots and pans of all descriptions.



A CRUISER'S GALLEY.

Everything about it was spotlessly clean. The pans were bright, the nickel trimmings of the stove shone and, although several of the men were peeling vegetables around it and performing similar culinary operations, not a scrap was allowed to soil the holystoned deck. It would make the average domestic blush to see the purity of everything in the cook's dominions.

The Boston has one chief cook, who ranks as a petty officer. The crew is divided into fifteen messes; each mess having its own cook, the members serving in rotation. Every morning the quartermaster serves out the rations for the day to these mess cooks, who prepare them for the ship's cook. By him they are made ready for the waiting mouths of the crew. Everything on board of a man-of-war is weighed and measured before it leaves the quartermaster's department. Each man of the crew, no matter what his apetite, can consume no more than his own allowance, at least at Uncle Sam's expense.

A man's weekly rations include three pounds of preserved meats, one pound of salt beef, three and a half of biscuit, together with cornmeal, oatmeal, rye and wheat flour, hominy, beans, peas, rice, dried apples, butter, canned tomatoes and other vegetables, coffee and tea, sugar, pickles, molasses and vinegar. The fare while in port is not so dry. Fresh vegetables and meat and soft bread form a welcome change of diet while the ship remains at anchor.

The officers' mess table is, of course, enlivened by a greater variety than the men's. On one point, however, they are equal. That is on the dried meats. During a long cruise their palates begin to long for the taste of a juicy steak or a green vegetable.

A Cunarder's Cuisine.

Leaving the navy yard the reporter tacked toward West street and hove in sight of the red and black funnels of a big Cunarder lying at the company's pier. On closer inspection she proved to be the Aurania, just in after a tempestuous voyage. The reporter, stumbling up the gang-plank, was met by the steward and courteously allowed to roam at will over the cooking quarters of the leviathan.

He peeped first into the luxuriously appointed pantries on the lower deck. There are three of them, all devoted to the care of the plates and tableware, one of them being used as a headquarters from which the food is supplied to the tables. In this one there is a dumb-waiter communicating with the galley overhead. The steward delivers his orders from this pantry and they are immediately filled by the cook, who uses the lift for this purpose.

These pantries are more superbly fitted and equipped than any of their kind on shore, even those of our up-town mansions comparing very unfavorably with them in every way. Under foot an immaculate tile floor appears, and above all the table silverware used in the cabins is hung on racks. In rough weather there is some danger of a shower of silver occurring in these regions.

The walls are lined with lockers, cupboards, chests and drawers, and steam tables, all in polished mahogany, bound with shining brass. Inside of them stacks of plate and chinaware are bestowed.

"Occasionally," remarked the chief of one pantry, "we have a matter of 3,000 dishes to wash up here, but we don't mind that. We put fourteen men at them and the work don't last long."

On the main deck the reporter found the galley itself. Its location here prevents the odor of the cooking from penetrating to the cabins or staterooms, they being all below.

The galley is a bustling place an hour before meal time, when the whole force of cooks (26 men) are up to their eyes in food. Baking pans with huge joints of meat in them are scattered promiscuously about the tiled floor, and vegetables, either in their primitive state, being stripped of their coats, or else in the caldrons and pans prepared for them, are on every side. One whole end of the room is entirely taken up by a range about 20 feet in length, and above this six-and-twenty brilliant copper vessels in graded sizes repose upon a rack.

The reporter was informed that these were stewpans, and holding dominion over them three great, fat pots of the same ruddy hue smile down from an upper tier. These are, in kitchen dialect, "stock pans." The soup which constitutes the first course at the cabin tables is brewed in these cavernous depths.

The range itself is a meeting place for all kinds of pots, both great and small. They congregate here cheek by jowl in such confusion that old Neptune himself could never find the one he wanted. Only the cook can do that.

When the ship rolls they have a great time among themselves, manifesting a dangerous desire to precipitate their copper forms over the edge. Fortunately for themselves (and the passengers), their suicidal tendency is frustrated by a tall iron railing running around the brink and provided to hold them on.

The Steerage Galley and Bakery.

Adjoining this room is the steerage galley, whose accommodations are on the lesser scale. The same dumbwaiter which carries the food to the cabin passengers goes a story—or, to be nautical, a deck—lower. Here the steward's assistants are on hand, and the steerage fare is distributed to the emigrant passengers.

Not far from the galley is the bakeshop, where all the bread and pastry eaten on board are produced. The infernal regions can't be quite so warm as this place is. Two gigantic ovens extend from deck to deck, and are kept constantly at work. The bakers get to work at 3 o'clock every morning, and the rolls and bread, when baked, are put in neat papier-mache trays, covered with snowy napkins and sent to the tables warm. At one side of the bakeshop a great wooden vat receives the flour and other ingredients of dough, which, after a vigorous kneading by muscular arms, is put into the waiting ovens. On top of this vat is the rolling board.

At the time of the reporter's visit a heap of peeled apples lay in one corner, and a bare-armed baker was rolling out the little round pats of dough, whose coy embraces was to transform them into dumplings.

There is considerable difference between the dainty little rolls prepared for cabin consumption and the great steerage "cobs," which the emigrants' fare includes.

The Great Refrigerators.

From the bakery, the reporter rambled aft to the refrigerators, also on the main deck. These form the reverse of the bake shop, and put one in mind of the proverbial cold day. The proper temperature is maintained in them by means of 30 tons of ice each trip.

"It hasn't risen above 35 or 40 degrees in here all summer," said the head butcher, pointing to the thermometer on the wall of the beef room. "Not so much head-room in here as there was before the gun-carriage had to be put in up above," he went on, as he noticed that the reporter's hat was undergoing punishment from the meat-hooks above it.

"How much do you expect to hang here for the voyage?"

"About 9,000 or 10,000 pounds."

A proportionate amount of mutton, lamb, veal and poultry, with the necessary vegetables, are stowed in adjoining refrigerators.

REV. T. S. HASTINGS, D. D.,

President of the Now Independent Union Theological Seminary.

The Rev. T. S. Hastings, D. D., is brought before the public in a more prominent light, since he stands at the head of a body that has recently freed itself from the Presbyterian church. The Union Theological seminary has declared itself independent of the General Assembly, mainly on account of the fact that that august body vetoed the transfer of Prof. Briggs from the chair of Hebrew to that of Biblical Theology.

DR. HASTINGS.

The seminary has a competent head in Dr. Hastings, a most courteous, quiet and decorous gentleman, with apparently very little force of character. But when occasion arises, his strength of purpose does not fail to display itself. Dr. Hastings organized the Old Carmine Street Presbyterian church, New York city, long before the war; built the West Presbyterian church, whose pulpit Dr. Paxon now fills. He has always been a leader in the Presbyterian church, is a member of the Chi Alpha, a secret ministerial society. He is extremely popular, being credited with an exceedingly kind heart.

A VICTIM OF SOAP AND WATER.

Extraordinary Fate of a Digger Indian Who Took a Bath.

Chatting with a reporter for the Chicago Tribune a few days ago, an old army officer, who has served all over the country, gave his opinion of the Digger Indian as follows:

"This Indian, a native of Northern California, is the most degraded, no account creature in the United States. He is swinish, dirty, indolent and sometimes ugly. He does not possess a single good characteristic. Occasionally he kills a comrade, but American law never descends to his sphere, as it merely views such matters in the same light as when one mule kicks another. He lives on horse meat, abandoned shinbones, grasshoppers, pine nuts and acorns. He will go further to see a circus or to steal a watermelon than any other human being. He will sit for hours in the sun with the mercury at 100, the laziest, freest, happiest and most independent thing in existence. He luxuriates in Fourth of July processions and other spectacular demonstrations without obtaining any idea of their meaning. His head, always uncovered to the sun, bears a black mane thicker than that of a horse. He lives and lives and becomes more shriveled and drier and drier, but still he lives until he is a hundred and over—no one knows how long, for his undoctored vitals are so tough and so strong that they keep to their work until the last drop of blood in his veins is fairly dried up.

"And this reminds me," continued the army officer, "of a story that Gen. Sheridan delighted to tell. A Digger, while out near the Upper Klamath prospecting, came across one of those saponaceous deposits which abound in Northern California and Nevada, and which he mistook for something more argentiferous. He obtained a chunk of it and waded into a neighboring creek for the purpose of washing it. He was surprised to find that it changed the color of his hands, and it felt so good that he rubbed himself from head to foot with it, dived two or three times into the water, and then made for home. As he approached his camp a score of his friends dashed at him with clubs and knives, and, although he screamed in their tongue and declared himself one of their tribe, his exclamations of identity and cries of pain were received with anger and derision, and he was literally hacked and stoned and clubbed to death. Even the squaw of his bosom and his children failed to recognize him, and his own dog barked at him. You see he was the only Digger Indian that had ever washed with soap and water, and he fell a victim to the unfortunate application."

Eve Was a Side Issue.

"I should like to know," said Eve one day, "whether you consider yourself of more importance than I am."

"Well, my dear," replied Adam, mildly, "I don't know as I would put it just that way, but you must admit that you are a side-issue."—Chicago Journal.

He Always Misses.

Husband (going off on a hunt)—I know I'll miss you while I'm away, dearest.

Wife—Of course you will. You always miss everything when you are off hunting.—Brooklyn Life.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold FREE by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

BIG GAME OF THE WEST.

Except the Deer, What Remains Is to be Found in Menageries.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, numerous noble animals roamed wild over this Western country of ours; the shaggy buffalo chewed the luscious herbage and kicked the flies off himself on every hill; the fleet-limbed deer outran the winds and enjoyed himself as only a healthy and virtuous deer can; wild horses neighed and whinnied in the valleys; animal life was everywhere and the aborigine didn't need to buy a ticket to the menagerie to see the greatest show on earth.

But civilization has reared school houses and abattoirs on the Western plains, and the sound of the hammer and saw has taken the place of the thunder of the hoofs; the hoarse rumble of the joint debate is heard where used to reverberate the bellowing of the buffalo and the challenging neigh of the untrammelled steed. There are a few weary buffaloes surviving, but they are cooped up in pens and fed on dry hay, and they bear the same relation to their ancestors that a street car horse does to Job's charger. They are pitiful to look upon, these sad-eyed and consumptive beasts, as being the only relics of the vast and majestic herds which erstwhile swept over the prairie, like a brown gulf stream in an ocean of green. The deer will soon be only a memory as well; a few of him are scattered through Western Nebraska and Wyoming, but the day will soon come when the man who must eat venison or die will probably die. And wild horses? The only ones of which we have any knowledge are in the livery stables, and they are covered with hieroglyphics branded with red-hot irons, and so it goes through the whole catalogue of animals. Even the great American ground hog, which regulates the weather for six weeks every year, has become so scarce that when a copy of him is found it is framed and given the place of honor in the parlor.

Most people will be sorry that the representative animals of this continent are so nearly extinct, and it is time that the feeling of sorrow assumed a practical form in the shape of a memorial to Congress asking for some legislation prohibiting the slaughter of the few remaining beasts. There is scarcely a town or city in the country which does not annually send out its hunters to the remote haunts of the deer and bear and other wild animals, and these hunters kill and kill, for the sole pleasure of securing antlers and pelts to exhibit to admiring friends, and, intoxicated by success, they keep on killing as long as there is anything to shoot at. The inevitable result follows; the number of game beasts in the country grows smaller year by year, and in a couple of decades or less they will all have gone to join the mastodon and pterodactyl.

So there should be a large rectangular law in force making it a misdemeanor for a man to —— and weeks at the haunts of these animals, killing them for the mere pleasure of glutting an appetite for carnage.—Omaha World-Herald.

IT WAS VERY QUEER,

But Very Simple When the Cause Was Known.

An amusing story is told in connection with Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian institute, who died some fourteen years ago. It is told by a gentleman who once traveled from Montreal there on with the professor. He says that while they were waiting for a steamer the professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of travel and adventure.

"Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the professor sat upon the wharf looking dreamily at her. Presently he aroused himself and said:

"'I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer where the sun shines upon her.' (It was almost sunset). 'I wonder what the cause of it is. I have seen phosphorescent light before, but never exactly like this. And see, there it is also upon the other, the left side of the steamer. Well, certainly that is very curious!'"

"We all looked. Indeed, it did seem remarkable. First upon the bright side of the steamer, and then upon the dark side, would appear these curious flashes of light, and disappear almost instantly. They seemed to come at regular intervals, and it was a strange and beautiful sight.

"Our reveries were presently disturbed by the approach of one of the customs inspectors. He glanced at us with some curiosity and then said: 'Lookin' at them flashes?'

"'Yes,' replied the professor, rousing himself from his absorbed meditation of the phenomenon, 'I wonder what they are.'

"'Oh,' said the inspector, carelessly, 'them's hot ashes they're throwin' out of the ash pits.'

"The professor was nonplussed for a moment. Then he recovered his senses and said quietly: 'Well, well, live and learn—live and learn!' and lapsed into silence."—Chicago Post.

A HUNGARIAN PROBLEM.

A Row Between Rival Churches Over Baptizing Children.

One of the vexed questions with which the next Hungarian parliament will probably find itself called upon to deal is that of the religion of the children of mixed marriages. The matter has been brought once more to the front by the recent speech of a Calvanistic bishop, who furiously attacked M. Tisza for "encouraging the lower militant clergy to steal Protestant souls" by baptizing as Roman Catholics the children of parents of differing faith. Of course this charge has caused much excitement among the Roman Catholics, and their primate, Archbishop Vaszary, of Gran, has had an interview with the ministe[r] of public worship with the purpose, it is believed, of procuring the abolition of the present law which provides that in the case of mixed marriages sons shall be brought up in the faith of their mothers. The Protestants claim that the result of this law has been the practical appropriation of all children by the Roman Catholics, but it does not appear what plan they would suggest in the place of it. There are 3,000,000 Protestants in Hungary, and the mixed marriages are so common that the problem is an exceedingly delicate one for the government to meddle with. It is generally believed that the final outcome of the dispute will be the introduction of civil registration and of civil marriages, as in Austria and in England.

His Future Assured.

"How is your son coming on as a poet?"

"Oh, he feels that he is well established now."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he's sold enough verses to buy a rhyming dictionary and a fountain pen of the brand recommended by several successful authors."—Detroit Tribune.

Feline French.

"My kittie is awful smart," said little Annie. "She said 'miow, this mornin' in French. Mollie's French nurse said so and she's an American cat, too."—Harper's Bazar.

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of good health. But with all the precaution we may take there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Scrofula and other impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even for generations, and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it conquers disease. It builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, vitalizes, enriches and

Purifies the Blood

And assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver. If you need a good medicine you should certainly take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer. Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite Jew Grand Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

National Banks.

C. E. M., Tacoma, Wash.: H. P. M., Uno, Ky.; M. E. D., Schuyler, Neb.; and W. A. G., Farmington, Minn.: We will answer your question by supposing a number of persons are starting a national bank. For convenience we will suppose the bank starts in by buying 4 per cent bonds to the face value of $100,000, which command a premium of $16.75 on every $100. The usual and simplest way to provide for a premium on bonds bought above par is to set aside from the interest, as it falls due, enough at that time to make good the premium by the time the bonds themselves fall due. With these explanations we submit the following table, or "sum" in the arithmetic of banking:

$100,000 4s, at 116 3-4	$116,750
U. S. 4s due 1907, will net at this rate 2 3-4 per cent per annum, or an income of	2,750
Interest on circulation of $90,000 at 6 per cent	5,400
	$ 8,150
Less tax on circulation	450
	$ 7,700
Interest on $116,750 at 6 per cent	7,005
Actual profit on circulation	$ 695

Profit on investment of $100,000 in bonds and circulation of $695, or about seven-tenths of one per cent.

It will be seen that the premium paid on the purchase of bonds cuts quite a figure. Of the $116.75 paid for each hundred-dollar bond the bank will get back when the bond falls due only $100. So it becomes necessary to provide for the premium in another way. This is done by setting aside 1 1-4 per cent, which it is found will just repay the premium and interest in 1907, when the bond falls due. This leaves a net income on the bond of 2 1-4 per cent on its face value, and the table plainly shows that the total net profit is only $695 more than $116,750 would earn invested at 6 per cent interest. This is less than 7 per cent instead of 35 per cent, as the Weaverites claim.

The greater error, to call it by no harsher name, of the People's party mathematicians is that they do not deduct from the profits the interest on the original investment, but a moment's reflection will satisfy any person that such reduction is a necessary part of the calculation.

That these calculations are based on solid facts is further shown by the way National banks do in the premises. Take Chicago, for example. They have a capital, exclusive of surplus and undivided profits, of $22,300,000. They could invest it all in government bonds and then issue circulation on the same, and they certainly would do so if it were for their profit. In that case the circulation of these local banks would be $20,070,000, when, as a matter of fact, it is only $878,635; with one single exception the banks have on deposit with the government as security for circulation the smallest amount of bonds possible under the law, and some of them which have bonds do not take out the circulation, so small is the net profit.

At the time the outcry against National bank circulation was started, nearly twenty years ago, there was a profit on the bonds, and a large one, for the interest paid by the government was 6 or 5 per cent, and little or no premium on the bonds. Many of the banks then held bonds which cost them less than par. Every bank took all the circulation it could, and figured on that privilege as a strong point in favor of the business. This is no longer true.

A Silver Fallacy.

A. J. C., Hutchinson, Kan., sends us a circular issued by the free coinage men, containing what purports to be an affidavit by Frederick A. Luckenbach, who says that one Ernest Seyd, of London, told him the following story:

"I went to America in the winter of 1872-3, authorized to secure, if I could, the passage of a bill demonetizing silver. It was to the interest of those I represented the governors of the Bank of England to have it done. I took with me £100,000 sterling, with instructions if that was not sufficient to accomplish the object to draw for another £100,000 or as much more as was necessary. I told no one in this country who was also interested in having it accomplished. He said he was the financial adviser of the bank. He said: 'I saw the committees of the House and Senate and paid the money and stayed in America until I knew the measure was safe.'"

Now, we don't know who Mr. Luckenbach is, but we do know with absolute certainty that the story which he alleges was told to him by Ernest Seyd is a fake out of whole cloth. We know with absolute certainty that neither Mr. Seyd nor any one else was sent to this country to secure the demonetization of silver in the winter of 1872-3 by bribery of the kind of one hundred thousand pounds or any other sum, and that neither he nor any one else ever paid a dollar to any member of either branch of Congress for that purpose. The reason why we know that the whole statement attributed to Ernest Seyd is a pure figment of the imagination is that at the time the coinage act of 1873 was passed silver had already been practically demonetized for 20 years. It was effectively demonetized by the act of 1834 which undervalued silver to such an extent that all American silver coinage was driven out of the country. By the act of 1853 an attempt was made to correct this evil by subordinating silver to gold by reducing the value of the former nearly seven per cent and by making silver coins legal tender for only five dollars. But with the discovery and vast production of gold in California this attempt to readjust the ratio between silver and gold failed. Gold at once became cheaper than silver, and silver dropped entirely out of circulation. The act of 1873 simply recognized the fact that silver had already been demonetized. Not a dollar of silver coin was in circulation or had been in circulation for many years. We do not mean fractional silver coins. It was impossible that at the time established in 1853 it could come into circulation. This fact was repeatedly stated while the bill was before Congress by the secretary of the Treasury, by the director of the mint, by the controller of currency and by members of Congress in the debates in both branches as the reason why the fiction of the silver dollar, which for nearly a generation had been out of use, should no longer encumber the coinage statutes. It had long since sunk out of sight by the excess of its bullion over its nominal value into the melting pots of the jewelers. Under the circumstances is it likely that the governors of the Bank of England sent a man over here in 1872-3 with a bribery fund of $500,000 to secure the passage of an act demonetizing silver, already long and so completely demonetized that a silver dollar was as obsolete as a Roman denarius? The story is a transparent fraud.

Relative Wages.

G. A. H., Aplington, Iowa, and F. F., Farmer City, Ill.: Wages are higher in England than in Germany, France and Belgium. The conditions of life and labor are different in the Continent. There is not that freedom which workingmen in America and England enjoy. The reason protection raises wages, is that it makes it possible for employes to pay higher rates. Thirty years of protection here have raised wages to the highest level ever paid workingmen. Germany has had protection but ten years, but there has been a decided rise in wages. However, the wages paid on Continental Europe have nothing to do with the real point of the case, which is this: England is our most formidable manufacturing competitor. If we adopt free trade, either wages must come down to the English level, or we must shut, up our manufactories. That is the fact the free traders can not meet.

If a Candidate Dies.

A. H. B., Hector, Ind., asks: "What would be the course pursued by either party in case of the death of either Benj. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland, a few days before the coming election?"

The people do not vote for President and Vice President, but for electors, who alone choose those officials. The electors would be voted for the same as if no death had occurred. If the Republican electoral ticket won, and Harrison had died, the electors would probably vote for Mr. Reid for President. Greeley died between the election day and the day on which the electors meet to vote for President. The Democratic electors so voted as follows: For Thos. A. Hendricks, 42; B. Gratz Brown, 18; Chas. J. Jenkins, 2, and David Davis, 1.

Those Greenbacks.

U. G. W., Lead Mine, Mo.: The old greenbacks and national bank notes are destroyed every few days at the Treasury at Washington. Referring to the People's party story, you must remember that a greenback is not really money, but only a promise to pay money. The greenbacks were below par, because there were too many of them in circulation. Congress fixed the amount which should remain in circulation at about $346,000,000, which is still in circulation. The excess were called in, paid, and destroyed. It was good business sense to do so, and the fellows who are howling about it show their utter ignorance of financial matters thereby.

Lincoln's Parents.

T. J. H., Poplar Bluff, Mo.: Abraham Lincoln's father was Thomas Lincoln. The Lincoln family descended from Samuel Lincoln, who came from Norwich, England, to Massachusetts. He had a grandson, Mordecai, who removed to Berks county, Pa., died there in 1735, leaving several sons and daughters. One of these sons, John Lincoln, moved to Rockingham county, Va. He had a son, Abraham, who emigrated to Kentucky with Daniel Boone, in 1780. He had three sons, Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas. The latter was the father of the President. His wife was Nancy Hanks. There was no negro in the family, as you ought to know without [illegible]

Political Points.

M. C. S., Yates Center, Kan.: You will find an editorial headed "American Tin Again," on 4th page of this issue, which will give you the facts. As to the Re about South American reciprocity, read editorial on same page, entitled "Blaine on Reciprocity." In late numbers of the Question Bureau we told all about the decline of American shipping. As to farm mortgages, they were either made by men who bought farms on time, to secure payment, or were made to secure money for improvements. So they are not a sign of distress, but of energy and improvement.

"General" Stevenson.

Constant Reader, Wyandotte, Mich.: Adlai E. Stevenson was a copperhead, never in the service, and has no right whatever to the courtesy title of "general." He is called that by the Democrats simply to deceive voters. They say they call him so because, under Cleveland's administration, he was assistant postmaster general; but this is a mere subterfuge, as it has never been the custom to give the courtesy title of "general" to men who held civil positions, like postmaster general, attorney general, and the like.

Ohio's School Law.

J. S., Raleigh C. H., W. Va., and others: The Ohio legislature was a Republican which abolished separate schools for colored children. Political lines were not drawn on the bill, and it received both Democratic and Republican votes. The [illegible] of separate schools for the few colored children was a heavy expense, and a needless one, and they were abolished in the interest of the tax-payers.

The "Force Bill."

P. H. D., Dugansville, Ky.; G. W. N. F., Houston Mines, Va.; W. A. S., Monterey, Va.; J. M. S., Duncan's Bridge, N. C.; W. D. McConnell, Va.; G. M. G., Middlesworth, Ill., and others: See editorial on "The Force Bill Bogie," on 4th page of this issue of the Weekly Blade.

Thickest Coal Vein.

G. W. B., Compton, Ark., says: "For the benefit of J. H. E., I will state that there is a vein of coal at Versailles, Morgan county, Mo., which is 66 feet thick and said to be the thickest in the United States."

That "Dark Day."

In response to the query about the "dark day" between 1800 and 1810, A. E. S. T., [illegible]es, Pa., writes that the date was June 7, 1802, and that it was due to an eclipse of the sun.

Miscellaneous.

J. L. J., Beaver, Pa.: We have not the figures.

O. P. R., Marengo, Ill.: Sorry, but it is impossible.

H. C. B., Der Lodge, Mont.: We never saw the song.

O. U., Newark, Ill.: We have no facts concerning him.

R. W. B., Garden, Ill.: Apply to some dealer in old coins.

L. F. B., Carthage, Ind.: We have not the census figures for them yet.

Subscriber, Gloucester, Mass.: We do not know the author of the poem.

J. D. M., Martinsburg, Mo.: We do not know. The laws of the states differ.

J. S., Huron, Ind.: The slang expression, "P. D. Q." means "pretty d—d quick."

G. H.: Blaine never said it. Why don't you observe Rule 1 above, and give your address?

G. W., Broughton, Kan.: We can not publish a list of coins bearing a premium. It is too long.

W. H. S., Trinidad, Colo.: A meerschaum pipe is colored by smoking. We never saw the poem.

X. Tenn., Upchurch, Tenn.: We believe more soldiers will vote for Harrison this year than did in 1888.

O. D., Whitacre, Va.: We cannot give address. Apply to some manufacturer of wood-working machinery.

E. R. B., Academy, Ind.: Write a letter of inquiry addressed to the "Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C."

J. B., Wellington, Kan.: As a rule, grain is higher in Liverpool than in New York, though occasionally the reverse is true.

P., Pierpont, O.: The word "Nassau" is pronounced "Nas-saw," a cent on the first. One query at a time, please. See Rules above.

L. B. H., Bingham, O.: Josephus, the historian, died a Jew. We never heard the inhabitants of Mississippi called "Tadpoles."

Reader, Liberty-Center, O.: See answer in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of September 29, headed "General" Stevenson."

E. H., South Bend, Ind.: Whitney is a-many-time millionaire, made so by the Standard Oil company, with which he is affiliated.

J. N. B., Formoso, Kan.: A few of the states allow a foreign-born person to vote after declaring his intention, and before being fully naturalized.

M. E. W., Seamore, Ind.: The standard silver dollars are a legal tender in any amount, as we have stated at least a hundred times in the editorials of the Blade within the past year.

J. B. A., Birmingham, Mich.: For the Republican Campaign Text-book address Republican National committee, 518 Fifth avenue, New York city, N. Y.

T. R. J., Wellston, O.: Foreign ships can enter our ports, no matter what flag they fly. Every ship flies the flag of the country to which she belongs.

C. E. M., Osage City, Kan.: There are no statistics of the number of tramps in the country. All the railroads say their numbers are largely decreasing.

D. H. W., Marthasville, Ill.: We don't know the quantity of tin produced by the Temescal mines. The constitution of the United States forbids any export duties.

F. S. A., Armour, N. C.: A collector of port is the official in charge of a government custom-house, at a port of entry, and attends to the collection of customs duties.

R. D. W., Carthage, Ky.: There are 44 states. New Mexico and Arizona are not yet states. To obtain books, get a bookseller to obtain catalogues of political works.

G. M. B. T., Flittwood, Tenn.: Your question about "books of five" was answered in the Bureau of Weekly Blade of October 13, under the heading, "Political Phrases."

B. K., Mitchell, Ind.: The story about Vice President Morton and a saloon was started two years ago, and we have several times published the facts. It is not worth repeating.

W. J. B., Luverne, Ala.: The Republican party came into existence in 1854, to oppose the extension of slavery into the Territories of the United States. It has never had any other name.

B. Y. S., Salem Chapel, N. C.: We can not tell what the coin is. Probably a French coin, as the one inscription, "Lud. XVI. Rex Christianiss," means "Louis XVI, the Most Christian King."

L. A. M., Agra, Kan.: Write to the Home itself and find out what denomination controls it. We never heard of it. The "Veiled Prophet" is a bit of fun the St. Louis people get up every year.

E. K., Berryville, Ark.: There are different books published containing all the political platforms. If you will look back in your numbers of the Weekly Blade for the past summer, you will find them all there.

J. H. J., Aldrich, Mo.: Charlie Ross was the son of Christian Ross, of Philadelphia. His father is still living, but has been reduced to poverty ja following up foolish rumors about his son, who, if living, is now a man.

J. G., Powhatan Point, Ohio: The reason our winters are colder than our summers is because the sun's rays strike obliquely in winter, and more directly in summer. The same amount of heat, therefore, does not reach us as in summer.

W. W. M., Stockton, Ill.: We do not know what particular instance you refer to. Under Cleveland, his Land Commissioner made a ruling which ousted a large number of settlers and gave the land to a railroad corporation, if that is what you mean.

E. K., Salt Creek, Ky.: The argument is a fallacy. Protection creates competition by the establishment of industries here which would not otherwise exist. We have discussed this point so frequently in our editorial columns this summer that you must excuse us from repeating it again.

G., McCabe: Why did you not give your address? There has never been but one extra session of the Ohio legislature, and that was called by Governor Campbell, to repeal the law creating the Board of Public Affairs of Cincinnati, passed by the Democrats, because the board was so corrupt.

A. H., Alexandria, Neb.: You will find that when potatoes are imported from Canada into the United States, the Canadian sells the potatoes for the American price less the duty. Barley, hay, horses, etc., are the same. Diamonds are not found in the United States. There is no duty when imported uncut; if cut and set in jewelry, they pay 50 per cent duty. This protects diamond-cutting. Why don't you get a copy of the McKinley law, which will cost you only 4 cents?

G. W., Borden, Ind.: The millionaires of the country are pretty equally divided between the parties. The men most active in the Democratic National committee, such as Whitney, Brice, Roosevelt, and others, are all multi-millionaires. There is not one millionaire an active Republican that we can recall. Jay Gould supported Cleveland in 1888.

I. R. F., St. Paul, Ind.: The people down there must be very ignorant, if they did not know that the towers erected on hilltops, etc., through Southern Ohio and Indiana were put up by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, which has for several years been engaged in making an accurate survey and map of the United States. They were put up for their signal stations, to measure distance by triangulations.

DR. ANTONIN DVORAK,

The Musical Composer of the National Conservatory, New York City.

Dr. Antonin Dvorak, the great composer who has just taken charge of the National Conservatory of Music in New York, is under contract there for three years. Like many other great musicians, Dr. Dvorak sprang from humble parentage. His father, Franz Dvorak, was the village butcher. He was born September 8, 1841, and it was not until October, 1857, that young Antonin secured the permission of his father to adopt music rather than butchering as his life's work. He began to compose early, but most of his efforts he kept to himself until 1873, when he was appointed organist of St. Adelbert's church. He then married and celebrated the event by writing the cantata, "The Heirs of the White Mountains." A Berlin publisher took him up and published his "Slavonic Dances." These were played in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and Theodore Thomas brought them forward in New York in 1879. In 1883 the London Musical society performed his "Stabat Mater," which created a sensation. He subsequently composed "The Spectre's Bride" for the Birmingham choral festival of 1885, "St. Ludmilla" for that of Leeds in 1886, and a number of other cantatas, which became equally famed. They were all rendered afterward in this country. From that time Dvorak's popularity and renown have grown until he has become one of the foremost of living composers, and the man who once could only earn $9 a month has now a position guaranteed for three years at a salary of $15,000 per annum. His name is pronounced "Dvorshak."

ANTONIN DVORAK.

LOCATING THE BLAME.

The Neighbors Hold a Convention but Cannot Settle a Sad Matter.

"I hate people who are not clean about their houses," said the first woman.

"So do I," said the second, taking a cup of tea.

"Yes," said the first woman, "I called on Mrs. Flyaway the other day, just as she was sweeping the floor. She made a circle under the table and in the middle of the room."

"She never swept in the corners, eh?"

"She did not. Isn't it awful?"

"It is awful," said the second woman, "and I thank heaven that my house is as clean as a pin."

"Let me tell you what I saw Mrs. Flyaway sweep in her stove," went on the first woman. "Just as I called she was putting in the stove these things, gathered off the floor of one room: Three old spools, a lot of fuzz, some apple parings, some old hairpins, a box of dirty candy, some nails, a dead bird, some floss, some canary bird seed, a cent, hair, six buttons, matches, pins, needles, a lamp wick, coal, dust, dirt, bits of rags, some broom straws, three old letters, a piece of cabbage, a knife and fork, two lumps of sugar, two old papers, a key ring, a padlock and a button-hook."

"Mercy me!"

"A pair of garters, a lead pencil, two photographs, a dozen tacks, three dead spiders, a cockroach, some rice, samples of cloth, picture hooks, a stove poker, dried flowers, a broken hobby horse, a pet rabbit, an old glove and some lace."

"I—I always knew that she was a dirty housewife," you know what I will do?" suggested the second woman, with rising emphasis.

"What will you do?"

"I will never let my dear little Willie play there any more!"

"And I will keep my darling Maudie from her children!" said the first woman earnestly. "You know Willie and Maudie were playing in her parlor to-day along with her snub-nosed brats. Let's cut her at the social party next week, eh?"

And one careful, kind-hearted, child-loving housewife will never know now why the children of the neighbors do not make her so much work in the future.

Maybe it's just as well.—New York Herald.

PUNS POETIC.

When Johnny broke his rocking-horse
In angry words his mother spoke;
But Johnny's argument had force:
"What good's a horse unless it's broke?"
—Judge.

"The fall is here, the fall is here!"
She cried in tones ecstatic.
"So regularly falls appear.
They seem quite autumnatic."
—Washington Star.

The dudheen and the calumet
Are hardly of one type:
The red man's being a pipe of peace,
And Pat's a piece of pipe.
—Puck.

SEASONABLE RHYMES.

We make our selections: We hold our elections,
The deep people all have a votes,
But when it's all over, whether Benny or Grover
Gets the prize he'll stand in with the boys.
—Exchange.

"'Tis said they're bought 'em out and out!"
"What, the grangers? that I doubt.
For if they really hope to win
More likely far they'll buy 'em in."
—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

The high-toned campaign speaker
Hilariously hollers;
He's a silver-throated shrieker
Like the eagle on our dollars.
—New York Morning Journal.

Go get yourself a good stout club,
Or ax, or gun, or knife,
And be prepared to use it in
The coming campaign strife.
For we shall have bu that same old
Inscrutabilious plan
The person we should kill on sight,
To-wit: The straw-vote man.
—Detroit Free Press.

It's ineffective, except for the moment—the ordinary pill. Because it upsets your whole internal economy, you needn't think it's doing you good. It only shocks and weakens your system.

Take something that's better. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do good that *lasts*. They *regulate* the system, as well as cleanse and renovate it; mildly and gently, but thoroughly and effectively—no griping, no violence. They're the smallest and the easiest to take, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and the best liver pill ever known. Only one little Pellet for a laxative—

Talmage's Sermon.

FALLING OF COLORED LEAVES

Remind Dr. Talmage of an Interesting Theme — Sermon Preached from Jeremiah, Eighth Chapter, Seventh Verse.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 31.—The flutter of bright colored leaves which every wind blows from the trees in the avenues around the Tabernacle, reminded the thousands who entered the doors yesterday morning, that winter was approaching. Dr. Talmage, with his usual tact, turned the impression to account in his sermon, which was on the text, Jeremiah viii, 7: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When he would put it afloat, he fashions it into a fish. When he would have it glide the air, he molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the door-way; the sweet-dispositioned turtle-dove, mingling in color white, and brown, and ashen, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing, and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out-of-doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtledoves, and cranes, and swallows, drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs; and he puts his hand upon the pen, and begins to write: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, some proposing that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the table-lands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America, or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop at the very trees where they spent last January. Farewell bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians. Strew the continents with music, and whether from Northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings, or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the en knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin, chorded and strung, if something accidentally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through Wall street it would put an end to any financial disturbance. I believe that the discords, the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one had asked Haydn the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our father, and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world, let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing:

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further, and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that, in their migration, they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the field, they often come within reach of the gun; but when they start for the annual flight southward, they take their places and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller, of England, and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now, that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have never reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said, "It is not very great. We shall have, after a while, a steamer running from England to New York." They laughted him to scorn; but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all his grace in Paul, and Luther, and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainments to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world.

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say, "No, we cannot stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way South. You could not stop them. Oh that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After a while we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at 40 miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there with elaborate pieces of music. After a while Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said, "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh that we were as wise as the crane and the stork flying away, flying away from the tempest.

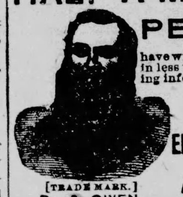
You may have noticed that when the chaffinch or our stork or the crane starts on its migration, it calls all those of its kind to come, too. The tree-tops are full of chirp, and whistle, and carol and the long roll-call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael.

Start for heaven yourself, and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke, put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for stopping.

To-day the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power.
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE



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AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

Amazing Popular Ignorance in This Country About South Americans.

It is amazing how little we, as a people, know of the history and the affairs of our nearest neighbors, says the New England Magazine. With the events of the old world we are tolerably familiar from the time the serpent entered Eden to the latest eviction of an Irish tenant, or the latest scandal on the Riviera; but a cloud of ignorance has hung over the southern half of this hemisphere, and until recently we have known but little of the progress or condition of 50,000,000 of people, whose aspirations have been similar to our own, and whose advancement in civilization and commercial prosperity has been their pride and their glory. A justice of the Supreme court once asked me what language was spoken in Chile, and a United States Senator in a public address alluded to Guatemala as a country of South America. Until recently the books used in our schools had not been corrected for more than a quarter of a century. The same wild horses that roamed, with flowing manes and fountaining nostrils, over the pampas of the Argentine Republic when our fathers studied geography still embellished the text-books, notwithstanding the fact that they had disappeared long before the buffalo of Kansas; and the familiar pictures of "The Belles of Lima" that ornamented the picture books of the last generation still remained to misrepresent a people that received their fashions from Paris quite as soon and quite as anxiously as the women of Boston or New York. The citizens of Central and South America have been properly sensitive to our ignorance and indifference, but they have treated us with a toleration and forbearance that ought to make us ashamed, and now that our attention has been diverted in their direction by self-interest, they receive us with a cordiality and hospitality that demands a grateful acknowledgement.

Misunderstood.

Mudge—I was looking over my top coat to-day, and I find that the moths have nearly ruined it.

Yabley—Why don't you sue them for damages?

Mudge—Sue the moths for damages! You talk like a child.

Yabsley—I didn't mean the moths; I meant the pawnbrokers. — Indianapolis Journal.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses, enclose stamp to me and will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Charles Gaus, Marshall, Mich.

No Fault of His.

The Rev. Mr. Drowsle—By the way, I observed on Sunday last that you got up suddenly and left the church before my sermon was over. I was deeply pained, and hope you can offer some explanation.

Theological Student—Oh, yes, sir; ever since I was a boy I have been a somnambulist.

A Grammar Needed.

"I don't need nothing," said Mrs. Jaysmith, when she opened the door in response to a ring and found a peddler there.

"Pardon me, madam," he replied, "but I think you do need a grammar. I'm sorry I do not carry them with me. Good morning!"—Harper's Bazar.

Back Again.

Customer—"Say, I've had to come back with those shoes I bought last night."

Dealer—"Weren't they all right?"

Customer—"Yes; that's the trouble; one of 'em ought to be left."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

One Theory.

Mamma—"Now, why did George Washington confess to his father that he cut down the cherry tree?"

Small Son—"I s'pose his mouth was all cherry stains."—Good News.

A Rival.

He loved the maid and she loved him,
Just as they all begin it;
He introduced another man,
And now—he is not in it!
Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

It Looked So.

"Did you know his business had run down?"

"I supposed so. I heard he was going to wind it up."—Nast's Weekly.

A Georgia Barbecue.

Faint wreaths of smoke are dreaming skyward in rings of blue;
A subtle, savory steaming is softly filtered through
The sheltering trees that whisper the secret everywhere,
While hill and valley revel in the dewed, delicious air!
And then the crackle of the twigs above the smoky pits
Where brown and palatable pigs make wisdom lose its wits!
And then—and then—the cry to arms!
Knives, forks flash to and fro,
And hungry hundreds praise the Lord from whom all blessings flow!
—Atlanta Constitution.

How is Your Blood?

I had a malignant breaking out on my le below the knee, and was cured sound and we with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed S.S.S. to do me any good. WILL C. BEATTY, Yorkville, S. C.

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE MANN, Manville, I. T.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Adventures on Picket.

Editor Camp Fire:—While in the vicinity of Rienzi, Miss., one of our picket lines was established near a stream bordering a prairie, there being a few trees between them. The pickets usually had a position near two trees, so they could command the crossing of the stream a few rods away. Several of the pickets had been shot while on this post. A few nights after this happened, the picket, hearing a cow-bell some distance out on the prairie, and perceiving that it was steadily approaching him, became suspicious. He concealed himself behind one of the trees, and anxiously awaited developments. As it approached quite near, he cautiously peered out from behind the tree. He dimly discerned, through the darkness, the outlines of something he surmised to be a Johnny in disguise. He at once got the drop on the thing, and demanded an unconditional surrender. The victim took in the situation and surrendered, the picket making him mark time on the double-quick until the corporal of the guard came to his assistance. The cows on this prairie were plentiful. Several nights afterwards I was placed on this picket post. I remained very watchful during my trick, but after being relieved from duty I went out on the prairie and got a canteen full of milk from one of the cows.

Again, as a comrade and myself were on the extreme advance, we were exchanging shots with the enemy, as they would emergo from the brush into the road. We came to a small town, and took the right hand road instead of the left. A new advance was at once sent out, and we were called back, and took our places in the ranks. This new advance had gone perhaps thirty rods when both of them were shot down. It being almost noon, we halted for refreshments. A picket was thrown out, I being one of the number. We congealed coarses behind a clump of oaks. We had been there but a short time when we discovered three troopers cautiously advancing towards us from a distance. They would occasionally halt and carefully scan the surroundings, and then advance again. Finally, after getting within about thirty rods of us, they halted us. I think they located our position. I stepped out from behind the oak, and gave the center man a shot. He threw up his left arm, and turned in his saddle. Just then one of his comrades returned the fire, and sent a ball several inches above my head, crashing into a tree a few paces in my rear. After the corporal had posted us, he entered a planter's house just across the way, within a few rods of us. He was being entertained very pleasantly by two young ladies, with music on the piano, as we boldly pushed out upon the scene. I told him the music outside was not so entertaining. About half an hour after this, a rebel had crawled along through the brush, and, unobserved by us from a point of woods, just a few rods to our left, he drew a bead on one of us with his squirrel rifle. The cap burst, but the gun did not discharge.

Again, I was on out post, in company with two others, it being in the night, and our orders were to halt but once. We also had orders to remain on our horses, with guns in position to fire. Our horses soon became very restless, kept looking wildly in front of them, and finally commenced snorting. I told the boys to get ready, as I thought we were about to receive them. We waited in suspense for some time. Finally I dismounted, and told one of them to hold my horse, and I would move out very cautiously and reconnoiter a little. I had gone perhaps seven or eight rods when I suddenly stumbled over a large nest of hogs. They sprang up and started in different ways, some of them galloping off in the direction of our boys. They at once opened fire on the supposed enemy, at the same time stampeding my horse. This last adventure came off a few miles south of Tuscumbia, Alabama. Four times, through the carelessness of the guard I was left remaining on out-post all night, and at one time for 48 hours. They had forgotten me entirely. Had I not taken a French leave of absence, I suppose I would still be there. —J. B. Stouffer, 1st Sergt. Co. L, 3d Mich. V. V. Cav.

In a Rebel Hospital.

Editor Camp Fire:—I come with another top rail to replenish our Camp Fire. I was only a mere boy in the army, and in the long years since the war I have forgotten dates and places. We had older men and smarter men in the old 18th Missouri—men with good education. Why don't they come into the camp fire circle? They appear to be timid. I will begin where I left off. I stated in my last they put us Shiloh prisoners in an old brick cotton factory on the bank of the Mississippi river, with three gunboats to guard us. Just about dark the night we landed in the old factory the rebel doctors came around us with bottles of medicine and teaspoons, asking if anybody was sick. As I was feeling very bad, I told them I was sick. One of the doctors poured me out a teaspoonful of medicine and gave it to me. As quick as I had taken it, I turned blind. I recollect saying that I was poisoned. I did not know anything after that for three days, as I found when I came to myself, my comrades had packed me on a litter to a rebel hospital up in town, and left me for dead. When I came to my senses, a lady came to my bunk and asked me if I was hungry. I asked her where I was. She told me I was in a hospital, and not to be scared; that she was a Union lady, and had a permit from the rebel officers to nurse the Union prisoners in that hospital. I asked her what the doctors said ailed me. She said they told her I had typhoid fever. She told me we had lots of good Union friends in Memphis, which I soon found to be true. Both men and women were allowed to see us every day, bringing us something good to eat and clean underclothing. I could not have been nursed any better at my own home.

Sometimes rebel ladies would come and upbraid us. They would ask me what state I was from. I told them I enlisted in North Missouri. They would ask me what I meant by fighting against my government. I told them I thought I was fighting for the government. They said all Missourians who went into the Yankee army were traitors to the government. I would tell them they were the traitors, not me, at which they would get angry, and tell me I ought to have been killed on the battlefield. The regiment stationed at Memphis at that time had a colonel named John Flournoy. He owned a wholesale dry goods house. Before the war he lived in Linn county, Missouri, and had a big farm up there. I was well acquainted with him, and had worked for him. He was up to see me every few days, and even gave me money. He would tell me he was sorry that I had enlisted on the wrong side. One day a negro brought me up an apple pie. I ate about half of it, and it came very near killing me. Col. Flournoy found it out, and got a doctor to me in short order. He also brought me up the chaplain of his regiment, a Southern Methodist preacher, to pray for me. The preacher took my hand and looked at me a long time before he spoke. The first word he said to me was to ask me if I had a[illegible]. I told him I had not thought anything about Heaven. "O Lord!" said he, "how sinful you are! But it is just as well; you can't never get to Heaven. The whole Yankee army, officers and privates, are doomed for hell. Any people who caused so much bloodshed and so much suffering can never reach that blissful abode. You are past praying for." I told him I thought my chances were as good as his.—Daniel F. Clary, Co. D, 18th Mo. Vols.

The Democratic Party.

Editor Camp Fire:—As Rev. E. W. McIntosh was lecturing at Harmintage, Mo., August 15, on Andersonville Prison, a loud voice in the audience called out, "What's the matter with the Democratic party?" The lecturer replied:

"What is the matter with the Democratic party? I will tell you, my friend. The Democratic party was born under the planets that were in opposition. It lives in the objective case. Like a mule, 'it has no pride of ancestry; no hope of posterity.' It never originates anything. It shines by borrowed light. It has never been united in honest wedlock to a principle, but lived for years in open adultery with a harlot called slavery; lived with her until she died of corruption and was buried amid the sobs and groans of her paramour. The atmosphere that surrounds Democracy is full of noxious vapors that breed moral pestilence and death. The sun never shines through it; vice seeks its shadow, and corruption grows lusty under its influence. Springs of purity are never found in Democracy. Its waters are torpid, lifeless—covered with the scum with which stagnate pools and moveless waters always offend the eyes of men. The soil which Democracy has cultivated has failed to yield harvests of value to the nation, but has given crops of worthless weeds and briars. Democracy has no love of country; believes in states instead of a nation; drives loyalty from its doors and welcomes treason to its habitations; holds the deeds of our soldiers and sailors as naught; strives to blacken the names of our heroes, weeps over the lost cause; hates the blue and loves the gray; stabs loyalty in the back; binds up the wounds of treason and speaks words of hope and comfort to its living votees; applauds when helpless blacks are stricken down in the South, and caresses with the hands red with innocent blood; denies the right of American citizens to make homes for themselves in the South; justifies the man who shoots them down or drives them out. Democracy is a curse to the land, the source of our bitterest woes; the haven where vice finds friends and crime its apologists and defenders. Democracy is original sin let loose to rend and destroy; it is the spirit of evil filling the swine of the land, the incarnation of wholeness, the child of the devil, its home should be in that outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"Every pension law we have made by a Republican majority, Cleveland vetoed 527 pension bills, and declares to-day that the pension system is a fraud, and you, old soldiers, who are drawing a pension, will you in the face of the facts go to the polls and vote for a party which denounces your pension and wants to shut off your bread from your family? Such black deeds are the fitly drawn pictures of the Democratic party." E. W.

Vote to Defeat Cleveland.

Editor Camp Fire:—With but one exception, I never saw an item from a comrade of my old regiment, the 55th Ills. Inf. Being located in the snowless clime of the Golden West, I have not been able to attend any of our regimental reunions. The fifth and last reunion was held at Bushnell, Ill., with 63 members and their families present. The secretary writes that they had a grand old time. The sixth they propose shall be a jubilee reunion, and it will be held in Chicago next year, date not yet announced.

I have given the matter very careful consideration as to the future welfare of all veterans, and those dependent upon them, and conclude that I shall vote for Harrison and Reid. This course is undoubtedly to the interest of every old soldier. We surely take great chances in trusting our welfare to a man who is so reluctant in declaring himself in favor of the old soldier. The able-bodied man who hires a substitute to go forth to fight his battles does not possess that patriotism required in a true American. The great champion of Buzzard's Bay is no friend of old soldiers. Records during his administration demonstrate that fact very clearly. He would with a better grace approve an order to return all Confederate flags captured or to redeem Confederat bonds than to sign a pension bill.

What interest have we in England? If she backed the South, and got left, let them take the consequences. England, on account of free trade, is in the mud up to her eyes, and is now doing everything in her power for the election of Cleveland and to establish free trade in the United States, or as near it as possible. Comrades, never vote for a man who courts favor of old England to such a degree. If such a thing be possible, the true Englishman hates our old comrades as much as Cleveland does. You ask why? Simply for the reason that when we were in Dixie we fought against the interests of England. We were not only fighting the Confederate hosts, but were fighting England. Comrades, November 8 next we hope to hear the command throughout the entire United States, "Veterans, fall in! Count by two! Attention! Right face! Forward, march! to the polls and cast a solid vote for Harrison and Reid!"—U. A. B., Co. H, 55th Ills. Vol. Inf., San Ramon, Cal.

"Old Abe," the Eagle.

Editor Camp Fire:—I will say, in answer to E. C., Tallapoosa, Ga., that I was quartered, I think, in the winter of 1863, with "Old Abe," at Saulsbury, Tenn. He was presented to the 8th Wisconsin, I suppose, about the commencement of the war. They carried him through all the battles in Missouri and Arkansas, and in the winter of 1863 they were stationed at Saulsbury, Tenn. The 8th Wisconsin consisted of only about 400 men at that time. While stationed there, Gen. Forrest made a raid on us, burning up our camps and treating up the villagers, so we got separated from them, and I never heard any more of "Old Abe."

While they were tearing up our camps we were threshing them like dogs down at Moscow, Tenn. Hurrah for Harrison and Reid!—F. K. H., Sergt. Co. M., 6th Cav. Tenn. Vol., Gonzales, Tex.

An Incident.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the last charge at Nashville, on December 16, 1864, our brigade—McMillen's—broke the rebel lines, and the latter surrendered. I passed along the rebel works, to see the destruction our shells had made, and there witnessed the charge of the remainder of the 16th corps. We then collected the rebel prisoners and started to the rear. We passed over the works near where the dead of the 10th Minnesota lay, who had been killed in the charge. One man had been shot in the center of the forehead with a musket ball. He had his finger in his head up to his hand, twisting it around. He had been at least ten minutes from the time he was shot.—W. E. Spears, Co. F, 114th Ills.

Bring Your Rails!

Editor Camp Fire:—I would like to hear from some of the 22d Pa. Cavalry or 130th Pa. Infantry. The 130th was in the engagements of Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancelorsville. It was a nine months regiment. I would like to hear from some of the comrades. Then I enlisted in Co. I, 22d Pa. Cavalry, and served until the close of the war. I belong to post 88, Mulberry, Arkansas. Our post has 24 comrades, and the 24 are all Harrison and Reid voters. I cannot see how any comrade can vote for Cleveland instead of a true comrade like Benjamin Harrison.—G. R.

A Medal Found.

Editor Camp Fire:—While in the dome of the capitol at Washington, D. C., during the Grand Army encampment, I found a bronze medal awarded by the state of Ohio to William Wallace, Co. E, 69th Reg. Ohio Vol. Inf. If the comrade will send me his address I will cheerfully send the medal to him.—Gordon E. Reed, 524 Baker street, Williamsport, Pa.

A Chip.

Editor Camp Fire:—I saw in the Weekly Blade of October 13 a letter from one of the 72d O. V. V. I. My father was in Co. I of that regiment for nine months. He was discharged at Memphis, Tenn., and then enlisted in Co. H, 9th O. V. C. He went to Camp Dennison from there to the front with Kilpatrick's command, and went with Sherman to the sea. My father's name is Jeremiah Baker.—A Soldier's Son.

Cleveland's Vetoes.

Editor Camp Fire:—I saw the article lately that was taken from your paper devoted to the vetoes of pension bills by Grover Cleveland during his four years of the Presidency. I think it is a pretty dark record to go before a loyal soldier-loving people of the Northern states, and especially the old soldiers who wore the blue. It would do better to go before the ones who wore the gray, whose united support he will be pretty sure to have.—T. G. A., Millersburg O.

Information Wanted.

Wanted, the address of comrades who know Mr. Clinton, Co. H, 1st Pa. Vol. Artillery, enrolled July 2, 1861, discharged from U. S. Gen. Hospital, Washington, May 5, 1862.—Mrs. Mary Clinton, 717 Larimer street, Denver, Col.

Wanted, information of the heirs of Jesse Spuryer, who died here about two years ago; supposed he has a sister in Ohio. Address John Maddock, Condon, Gilliam Co., Oregon.

AS SEEN FROM HORSEBACK.

How It Feels to be a Colonel in a Big Parade and Ride on Horseback.

"If you want to experience a novel sensation," said a gentleman who sports a colonel's uniform as a member of a governor's staff whenever said governor turns out on parade, "just get on horseback and take part in some great procession like those which have marked the Columbian festivities.

"It is the most curious feeling you ever experienced, I will wager a hat. It beats hasheesh or opium smoking all to pieces. It is unlike any other thing that you ever saw or heard or felt.

"At first you are all right, and you hear the bands and see the great furrows of humanity on either side of the way as distinctly as you ever saw anything in your life. But after a while things begin to grow blurred to you senses. The music dies away and there is nothing but a dull roar in your ears, while the crowd becomes merely a dull and indistinct mass without form or meaning in your eyes.

"But now you begin to see single figures. Men hanging from the eaves of high buildings, boys perched on chimneys or sign boards or in some hazardous place. You watch one of them with fascinated eyes, expecting every minute to see him fall and be dashed to pieces on the pavement. You are constantly filled with an overwhelming feeling that you are to be witness to some dreadful accident, but for the life of you cannot turn your eyes away from it. After a while you cease to be a human being at all and become a mere automaton. You are not controlled by human emotions, but by the magnetism of the crowd. It is some such sort of hypnotic state, I apprehend, which men get into during a battle and which makes them so unlike themselves."—New York Herald.

—No flowery rhetoric can tell the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla as well as the cures accomplished by this excellent medicine.

CLIPPED AND PASTED.

Said the sparrow to the reed-bird:
"Of fowls you're talked of most,
But at least we meet as equals
When we appear on toast."
—Washington Star.

The flannel suit we stow away
Within the box so strong
Is wrinkled now, yet, strange to say,
'Twas pressed all summer long.
—Clothier and Furnisher.

To marry well the widow needs,
Her troubles then are over,
Before she says "I will" she reads;
Thereafter lives in clover.
—Judge.

If Saturn were in politics
He'd rule in divers things,
For he should save his rings.
Who's in so many rings.
—Washington Star.

We have a thought and think we think the thought.
And yet that thought we never thought to think.
Whence came that thought? 'Twas not the mind that wrought;
'Twas born alone, no other thought to link.
—Judge.

Correct Reasoning.

Codling—Snips, what will you charge for a suit of clothes?

Snips (who knows Codling)—If you will pay cash, $40; but if you never pay, according to your usual style, I'll have to charge you $75.

Codling—In the latter case you'd save money by only charging me about $30.

Snips—How's that?

Codling—You wouldn't lose so much. Don't you see.—Harper's Bazar.

A Hazardous Undertaking.

"Good bye; I am going away to get material for a book I'm going to write."

"What's your book to be about?"

"I shall call it 'Travels Among Wild Men, Barbarians and Savages.'"

"Then you are going to Africa?"

"No; I am going to spend a week at Bayshore and Islip."—Puck.

The Reporter's Witticism.

A newspaper man tells how a green young reporter sent to interview George William Curtis was encouraged by the latter's cordial greeting. "Ah, then you and I belong to the same profession." He was self-collected enough to reply: "Yes, Mr. Curtis, you are at one end of it and I am at the other."—Chicago Journal.

Everything Counts.

St. Peter—Here is your record.

Fair Spirit—Why! St. Peter, there is something wrong. It is filled with the most horrible profanity, and I never uttered a bad word in my life.

St. Peter—The Recording Angel does not understand English, my dear madam. He could only put down what you felt.—Life.

Two There Now.

"No, I didn't catch anything all day," said the fisherman; "didn't even get a bite. I—"

"But at this moment a chariot of fire descended from out of the heavens, and he was borne away to dwell forever with George Washington.—Life.

Of Interest to Both.

His Young Wife—George, dear, I do wish you would get your life insured. Where would I go if you were to die?

George—And, great heavens! where would I go?—Truth.

Western October.

Into the woods October reeled,
Jolly October,
Only half sober,
For the grape had offered a generous yield,
And he'd emptied the bottle, had wild October.
"Bah! And are these my woods?" cried he.
"I allow that they are mighty homely,
But I rather reckon that folks shall see
I can rig them to look more comely."
Saucy October,
Rather less sober,
Snatched from its rootings a big pitch pine;
"Give me a light, old Sol," he cried,
Leaning over the sunset vine.
Back he dashed with a whoop and a cry,
And the forest shimmered in golden haze,
And at touch of his torch as he staggered by
Every maple tree flushed ablaze.
"I've painted the woods red,"
yelled mad October
And dropped down to sober.

The Sunday School.

LESSON VII., SUNDAY, NOV. 13, 1892.

The First Christian Missionaries.

Golden text: That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations.—Luke 24:47.

LESSON TEXT.

(Acts 13:1-3.)

1. Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul.

2. As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.

3. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.

4. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Seleucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus.

5. And when they were at Salamis, they preached the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews: and they had also John to their minister.

6. And when they had gone through the isle unto Paphos, they found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Barjesus:

7. Which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man; who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the word of God.

8. But Elymas the sorcerer (for so is his name by interpretation) withstood them, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith.

9. Then Saul, (who also is called Paul) filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him,

10. And said, O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?

11. And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand.

12. Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord.

13. Now when Paul and his company loosed from Paphos, they came to Perga in Pamphylia: and John departing from them returned to Jerusalem.

Illustrative Applications.

The Holy Ghost said, separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them (v. 2). God has a special work for every child of his. The Holy Ghost is ready to indicate to every disciple of Jesus the particular mission of that disciple. But the work to which the Holy Ghost points a disciple is not always, nor commonly, the work which the disciple would choose for himself. Most Christians have a work toward which they are drawn, or for which they think they are best suited; and, as a rule, they are rendier to indicate to the Holy Ghost the work of their choice, than to learn from the Holy Ghost the work of God's choosing. Practically, the common prayer of a Christian is, "Let the Holy Ghost separate me for the work after which I am calling." If a Christian will listen for the guiding words of the Holy Ghost, he can learn therefrom to what work he is called of God; and there is no work in the world for any Christian which is to be compared with the work of God's choice for that Christian.

They proclaimed the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews (v. 5). It was right for the disciples to go first to their Jewish brethren. Apart from the right of the Jews, according to the Master's direction, to have the first proffer of the gospel blessings, there was a gain to the disciples in their going first to those with whom they had some point of sympathy. There is always a gain in touching others at the point of sympathy, rather than at the point of divergence. A lawyer who would win over a jury, addresses himself first to the one man who is clearly on his side of the case, rather than to the eleven men who are against him, to begin with. The wife who proposes to carry her own way quietly, starts out by agreeing with her husband at some point; and with that beginning she will have him agreeing with her at the main point, before she is through with him. There is sound philosophy in this way of working, and God's plan is always the perfection of philosophy. The Holy Ghost led the first foreign missionaries to begin their work abroad, in the synagogues of their own Jewish brethren. The Holy Ghost would now lead every Christian worker anywhere to look first for points of sympathy or agreement with those with whom he would win over or influence, rather than to start out by recognizing, and battling, differences and prejudices, which will thus be made to stand as permanent barriers to an agreement, when they might have been quietly passed, and left behind permanently.

The proconsul, Sergius Paulis, a man of understanding, sought to hear the word of God (v. 7). It is the man who knows most who wants to know more. And it is the man with the best stored mind, who has the largest sense of his lack. It is the best informed teachers, not the poorest qualified, whom you can always count on for the teachers' meeting, or who miss it most if they can not be there. He who has given most study to the Bible already, is the man who is most desirous of further Bible study. When you find a man who thinks he has nothing to learn from Bible study you may be sure he is not like Sergius Paulus in being "a man of understanding." A certain sign of a lack of understanding is the claim, outspoken or inferred, that one knows so much that God can not tell him anything new. But not everybody is like Sergius Paulus in this particular.

Paul, filled with the Holy Ghost, said, O full of all guile and all villainy, thou son of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? (vs. 9, 10). A man full of the Holy Ghost can speak out in strong, plain words, and say severe things against the Devil's workers. Although it is important to begin with a man at the point of your sympathy with him when you are trying to win him to Christ, it is equally important to part from him at the point of your hopeless divergence, when that point is evidently reached; and to let him know squarely that you have no sympathy with him in his purpose of serving the Devil, and of determinedly going to the Devil. Outspokenness against evil on occasions is as positive a duty as is kindly forbearance with evil-doers on other occasions. He who is never ready to say ringing words against wrong-doing, does not prove by his lack of likeness to Paul in this thing that he is full of the Holy Ghost. But a man may say a great many sharp words against evil-doers without being full of the Holy Ghost. And there is never a time when a man has more need to be full of the Holy Ghost than just when he is moved to call some one "a son of the Devil" and an "enemy of all righteousness," and to charge him with being "full of all guile and villainy."

The hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shall be blind, and there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand (v. 11). If a man uses his eyesight aright, he shall see more and more clearly. If a man misuses his eyesight, he may lose it entirely. This is a principle in the workings of the natural and of the spiritual world. The hand of the Lord is in it, and is upon every one who is under its workings. A man comes to see what he wants to see. If he practices his eye in seeing the pure and the lovely, he finds on every side that which is lovely and pure. If his eye seeks the impure and the unlovely, he will find more and more of such objects of sight. And that which he never looks for comes to have, practically, no existence for him. He is, as it

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOUKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 120,000.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

OUR MARVELLOUS OFFER.

We lay before our readers, on the fifth page of this issue, the best offer, in connection with their subscriptions, ever offered by any newspaper in the world. A careful reading of the advertisement will pay you. It will be noticed that every subscriber has two opportunities:

First—He may have the Weekly Blade for two years for $1. We say "may have," but practically this means "will have," because what subscriber to the Weekly Blade cannot guess who will be the next President?

Second—He has opportunity of competing for one among over two hundred premiums, amounting to over $4,000. Every subscriber has a chance of obtaining one of them.

This plan has been carefully worked out, and we are prepared to receive over 250,000 orders during the next six weeks. We confidently expect more than 100,000 of our regular subscribers to renew on this basis at once; and just how many new subscribers will take advantage of this plan, depends upon how well our readers will circulate this announcement to their neighbors and friends.

To avoid confusion, and to facilitate the work in the counting-room, we suggest the following:

Notice there will be seven coupons published, one week apart, each week being numbered. This week's coupon is No. 7. We ask every subscriber who has not sent in his renewal, to do so at once upon Coupon No. 7, no matter when your subscription expires. It will be advanced one year from date of expiration. We wish to enter all renewals at once.

Furthermore, we ask every subscriber to see that all other coupons that you have and will receive, are used by some one of your neighbors. And please see that every coupon you receive is used by some one.

Bear in mind that if we receive over 250,000 subscribers on this plan, you have more chances to obtain one of the premiums than if we receive but 100,000. If each subscriber will make sure that three coupons are used besides the one he uses himself, it will make our plan a complete success—as it deserves and as we want it to be.

We will also send sample copies, single or a number, containing this coupon to anybody who wants them. Please see that sample copies are distributed in your neighborhood.

One thing more: We want our subscribers to urge upon their Democratic neighbors to send in their guesses upon these coupons. Suggest to them that if they are so confident that Mr. Cleveland will be the next President, that here is a chance to get a good newspaper two years for a dollar. We want every guess to be the honest conviction of the subscriber, and in order to make the matter more interesting, we should have guesses from the other side—presuming, of course, the sentiments of our present readers to be largely one way.

Talking about state bank issues, do our Democratic friends, who have such vast reverence for the constitution of the United States, have any idea what the Supreme court of the United States would do if the question were brought before it, as to the constitutionality of such currency? The federal constitution prohibits the states from issuing "bills of credit"—which was the term then used for such notes. Can a state authorize a bank to do that which the state itself is prohibited from doing? We submit the question to our Democratic brethren who are howling for wildcat currency.

The young men in the Eastern colleges, like those in the Western ones, are largely headed one way this year. At Amherst college, for example, there are 275 Republicans to 67 Democrats, and at Brown 250 Republicans to 63 Democrats. At Harvard, President Eliot says, "Most of our students are Republicans."

The Democratic national committee is dreadfully worried over West Virginia. The Republicans of that state are confident its electoral vote will go to Harrison, and the Democrats feel in their bones that the chances are good that it will.

The Idaho Supreme court having decided that Mormons can not vote without taking the test oath, there will be a decided reduction in the Mormon vote, which is solidly Democratic.

Manufacturing has never increased so rapidly as during the past two years. Every one knows this. But do you know of a single free trade paper which admits it?

Rebel war claims at Washington now amount to $700,000,000. What a juicy lump this will be for Tammany and the Solid South.

It is a significant fact that the Cincinnati Enquirer and the New York World both advise Democrats not to bet on the election.

LET'S HAVE A COUPON DAY!

This issue of the Weekly Blade will be the last containing our coupon offer. Next Monday, November 7, will practically be the last day that subscribers can take advantage of it. We therefore suggest that next Monday be called "Blade Coupon Day," and that every remaining subscriber who has not yet renewed under this offer mail us his renewal on that day. It is your last opportunity, and as every one will desire to renew anyhow, when the time is out, it will be money in your pockets to renew under this offer.

We have already received many thousand renewals under this offer. The bulk of our list has already renewed. Some localities are slow, however, in this. Several thousand have put it off until the last week, and we hope that every one will appoint next Monday for his renewal day.

Do not forget "Blade Coupon Day," Monday, November 7!

AMERICAN TIN AGAIN.

We have received a large number of letters from Blade readers all over the West, saying the Democrats argue that our tin mines are producing but little block tin, and we have to import what we use in the manufacture of tin plate; and that therefore American tin-plate is a humbug, and so on.

The theory of these Democrats seems to be that we ought not to manufacture anything unless we can produce the raw material of which it is made. If that rule were carried out, Great Britain would have to stop all her great lines of manufacture. She does not raise a pound of cotton; the English climate will not permit it. Yet the cotton industry is her most important one. She grows only a very small quantity of wool; the great bulk of that which she manufactures is imported. Her mines produce only one-seventh of the block tin she uses; she has to import the other six-sevenths. Why may we not import what block tin we need more than is now produced here as well as does she?

The benefit of manufacturing to this country is in the creation of a vast manufacturing population, to form consumers for the food products raised by our farmers. If we buy tin-plate abroad, the money we pay for it goes into the pockets of foreign workingmen. If we create the industry here, the money paid the operatives in it is all spent in this country. The American farmers, shoemakers, clothing merchants, grocers, furniture and carpet dealers, etc., get it. If it is spent abroad, it goes to foreigners; and the profits go to swell the wealth of other nations, rather than our own wealth. The Democratic argument about tin-plate is fallacious. Let us increase our manufactures, whether we produce the raw material or not. There is plenty of tin in this country, but great mines are not developed in a day or a year. Time is an essential element in building up a great industry.

COL. CONGER'S VIEW.

Col. A. L. Conger, of Ohio, has just returned from a tour in Great Britain and continental Europe, where he has been investigating the labor and tariff questions. As to the latter, he sums up the case as follows:

We are just as ready for free trade as England is—on one condition: That our workingmen make the wages paid in England. They get from 60 to 100 per cent more. If they vote for free trade, it means if they accomplish their purpose 60 per cent at least reduction of wages. It is for them to say.

There is the whole tariff question in a nutshell. To have free trade, we must have low wages. That living would be cheapened from one-third to one-half is impossible. Food, fuel, house rent and lights would not be one iota cheaper; and as to wearing apparel, ordinary clothing would not be cheapened, while silks, laces, very fine textiles of cotton and wool—all articles used only by the wealthy—are the only ones that would probably be lower.

Nor would the reduction of wages only be among the men employed in what are miscalled "protected" industries. Suppose the wages of every man employed in iron and steel furnaces and mills, all foundries, all machine shops, all wood-working establishments, all cotton and woolen mills, etc., were to have their wages cut one-third to one-half—does any one suppose other wages would remain high? By no means. Wages would tumble all along the line, until the full embraced every man working for wages or on salary.

The wage-earners of the nation should look the situation in the face. If they want low wages, let them vote for free trade. It is their battle. The ballot is in their hands, and they can say whether they wish low wages or a continuance of the present wage-scale. Their vote this year must make choice between prosperity and poverty.

The Weekly Tin Plate Report is a trade circular published at Liverpool, England. In its issue of October 7, it has the following, showing that our new tariff law has already compelled the British tin trust to reduce its prices, although the new industry is not yet fully established in this country:

Quite a large business has been done this week. At least 50,000 boxes 19 1-4x14 coke tins have been sold at 11s 6d f. o. b. Newport, the lowest figure ever touched in the history of the trade; 2,000 boxes 14x20, 100 lbs. steel cokes, were sold at the hitherto unheard figure of 11s 1 1-2d f. o. b. Cardiff. Buying of 14x20 full weight JB grade cokes for San Francisco has been very heavy at 12s f. o. b. Liverpool. Ternes have also come in for their share of attention, Lilys have been sold at 24s 6d Swansea, Alyns at 22s f. o. b. Newport, and JG at 21s 6d Swansea, all full weights. Present slaughter prices are telling a tale in South Wales, about 180 mills are standing and probably will not be restarted until the men agree to a very appreciable reduction in their wages.

David Bennett Hill paid his respects to Wayne MacVeagh in unmistakable terms. He classes MacVeagh with "egotistic, self-lauding upstarts," and also refers to that class as "political hypocrites and mountebanks." Had a Republican made such remarks, the Democratic press would have criticised him severely. What will be the comment upon Hill's truthful characterization of him and his fellows?

The Democratic cry of 1890, that the new tariff law advanced prices, has been proved the atrocious falsehood it was. The prices the people pay at dry goods stores and groceries for their supplies tell the story. They are lower than they were two years ago.

Benjamin H. Bristow, who was a Republican Cabinet officer, became a mugwump, and voted for Cleveland in 1888, can not stand free trade, and has announced his support of Harrison, Reid and Protection this year.

"Grover Cleveland will lose 25,000 Democratic soldier votes in New York."—Gen. Sickles at Chicago.

No free trade, with lower wages as its concomitant!

BLAINE ON RECIPROCITY.

The telegraphic summary of James G. Blaine's article on "The Presidential Election of 1892," in the November number of the North American Review, sent out on the day of issue of that periodical, did not adequately report that portion of Mr. Blaine's paper dealing with the subject of reciprocity. A perusal of the entire article shows that his discussion of the topic is a very important contribution to current politics. He shows that while the Democratic press confines its assaults on the policy to illustrations drawn from the reciprocity arrangement with Brazil, which furnishes the narrowest field for reciprocal trade; and that our Democratic opponents ignore the facts regarding reciprocity with Cuba, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and other islands of the West Indies, where the benefits of the policy are the most striking, and our export trade has received the greatest benefit. Mr. Blaine says:

It is in the island of Cuba that reciprocity has done the most; and no foot-fall of a Democratic campaigner ever disturbs the silence which hangs over Cuba when reciprocity is under censure. No Democratic objector asks the millers of the country who send flour to Cuba what have been the results. Statistics in the state department show that for the first half of 1892 we sent 337,000 barrels of flour to Cuba, making for the whole year 674,000 barrels. During the same period of 1891 we sent only 14,000 barrels, or an average for the year of 28,000 barrels. Considering the small quantity we had previously sent, and that the duty was $5.75 a barrel, amounting to nearly the value of the flour delivered in Cuba, and operating, except under peculiar conditions, as a prohibition, the sagacity of Democratic silence must be conceded. A trade of $4,000,000 in flour, when we had not more than $175,000 is not a bad showing for the first year of reciprocity.

For the year ending August 31, our total exports to Cuba were $19,700,000, and for the same period the preceding year they were $11,900,000, an increase. It will be observed, of 65 per cent. Another year will show greater gains.

Our Cuban exports increased about eight million dollars' worth, of which half was in flour and nearly two millions in provisions, thus giving our farmers three-fourths of the benefit. And Mr. Blaine shows that the same thing is true—our farmers get the lion's share of the benefit—of the increase in our exports due to reciprocity arrangements with other countries. Then he goes on to declare:

By virtue of the reciprocity treaty we shall by conquer by commerce far better than by force of arms, and gradually establish such mutual interests between Cuba and this country that commercially the two countries will be one. Already Cuba sends 90 per cent of her products to the United States, and the reciprocity treaty is the first attempt we have seriously and successfully made to equalize the trade by asking Cuba to take from us the larger proportion of what she consumes. * * * * It will be observed, too, that we are attempting to increase our trade by reciprocity treaties in the right direction. For a series of years our trade with the rest of the world has been largely in our favor. But we have annually against us so heavy a sum in Spanish-America as to outweigh our balance elsewhere. If we can in any degree lessen that sum we shall save a portion of our gold coin that is retained on the other side of the Atlantic from our large exports, to pay drafts from Spanish-America on citizens of the United States, payable in London. This the Democrats have not seemed to notice, though it has been going on for a year. The reciprocity policy is the first attempt at a change. Already the treaties negotiated have reduced our adverse West Indian and South and Central America balances to an appreciable extent. If sagaciously and courageously administered, reciprocity will be the means of greatly lessening what has so long been an enormous balance against us in Spanish America.

Reciprocity is a winning policy, and of more benefit to our farmers than any other class of our people. A Democratic triumph at the polls on November 8 will put a stop to it, and as Lord Salisbury said when he condemned England's free trade policy, "deprive us of the armor and weapons" wherewith to obtain commercial advantages with all countries having protective tariffs. Every civilized nation in the world has a protective tariff, save Great Britain; and we can produce at home every article that Great Britain has to export.

CAN'T STAND CLEVELAND.

The desertions from the Democratic ranks on account of the free trade policy of that party declared at Chicago, and because Cleveland is known to be fully committed to that pro-British policy, go on steadily in the East. Here is the list for one day, as given in the columns of the New York Mail of Saturday:

John G. McDonnell, of Buffalo, proprietor of large marble works.

John Flannery, of Pittsburg, well known as a labor leader and proprietor of the Trades Journal and Irish Pennsylvanian.

A. S. Page, of Oswego, shade cloth manufacturer.

John Gardenier, of Oswego, dairy commissioner under Cleveland, and chairman of the Democratic county committee last year.

Lewis P. Taylor, of Oswegotown, N. Y., farmer, last year member of the Democratic county committee and several times supervisor.

George Noyes Burt, well known lawyer of Oswego.

George W. Quintard, of the Morgan Iron works, New York, a life-long Democrat.

The London Engineer, a leading English trade journal, tells frankly why the British people hope for the election of Cleveland and the success of the Democratic party in the United States, as follows:

There is a somewhat general idea in this country that the McKinley tariff bill will be repealed before long, or at all events be so modified that the sting will be taken out of those clauses most objectionable to British manufacturers; and it is for this reason that the hopes of the Democrats for the approaching Presidential election are so largely shared in this country.

The new tariff law increased the duty on fine cotton hosiery 74 cents per dozen. At that time they sold in New York at $4.50 a dozen. If it were true, as the free traders assert, that the consumer pays the duty, then they should now sell at $5.24 per dozen. Instead of that, they now sell at $3.50 a dozen—a dollar cheaper than before the new tariff law was passed.

The New York Press gives a fact which disproves fully the free trade theory that tin cans were to be made higher by the new tariff law. The owner of a canning factory at Hightstown, N. J., now pays $25 a thousand for cans which cost him $30 per thousand in 1890.

The case against Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, has been dismissed, as every one knew it would be. It was begun as a bluff, to divert public attention from the crushing blow his report dealt to the free trade cause.

The efforts of the Democrats to get away from the free trade plank of the Chicago platform are ludicrous. But they can't do it; the platform is made, and what is written is written.

Grover Cleveland thinks he can win without New York. Well, he will have to win that way if he is elected. New York will go Republican.

The four years of the present administration have been the most prosperous in the country's history. Why make any change?

Senator Vest is stumping Missouri, and declaring he has the assurance that Cleveland will approve a free coinage bill, if elected.

Capt. Kolb has been rotten-egged in Alabama. Such outrages on free speech will hasten the overthrow of the Democratic party in the South.

"A tariff for revenue only" means an increase from two to four cents in the price of every pound of sugar.

A FREE TRADE STRIKE.

On the day of the Presidential election in the United States, England will probably enter upon one of the greatest strikes on record. It will be among the operative in the cotton mills of Lancashire. No less than 60,000 of them will strike on that day. This is not a strike for more wages, but a strike against a reduction of wages. The cotton mills—which are banded together into a trust—insist upon a five per cent reduction of the wages now paid. The workingmen will strike to prevent the reduction, if possible.

Why does the British cotton mill trust insist upon this reduction of wages? It is because all civilized countries protect their own manufactures. Even India is enormously extending her cotton industry. The result is, the English cotton mills have to sell their product cheaper, in order to compete with the manufacturers of other countries. In other words, they must pay the duty, or at least a part of it, or lose their markets. In order to do this, they propose to reduce the wages of their work-people, who now get but little more than half what is paid in American cotton mills.

We do not rejoice over this state of things. We lament the suffering and privation that must follow to these 60,000 strikers, their wives and helpless children. Great Britain is reaping the reward of her folly in supposing that she could remain the world's only great manufacturer. She established free trade so as to get raw material at the lowest possible price. She wished all the remainder of the world to produce her raw material, and buy their manufactured goods of her. If it is profitable to Great Britain to manufacture, why is it not profitable for France, and Germany, and the United States to do their own manufacturing?

THE PROTECTED FARMER.

A well-known gentleman, in fact one of the best known in the city of Toledo, a Democrat, who, on a subject with which he is familiar—cut rates, for instance—can interest and enlighten his hearers was overheard a day or two since, discussing the political situation and campaign outlook as affected by the tariff. The gentleman, not being without assurance, waded about among his fancies for his facts, and fulminated this sort of a statement: "Oh, in the cities the McKinley bill will be popular, of course, for there is no doubt of its stimulating manufactures; but the farmers are against it. It affords them no protection, no protection whatever."

Let us glance a moment at the McKinley bill, in its relations with the farmer, and see how limited a capital of information our estimable gentleman had, and if his bump of self-esteem is not too calloused, possibly the facts will trim it down to less conspicuous length.

The farmer along the northern border, as we are, wants protection, if at all, against his Canadian brother. Now, if the Canuck farmer has a surplus of farm products and desires to dispose of that surplus on this side of the line—within the territory naturally belonging as a market to our own people—he must pay for the privilege, and in such sums as will place him—not upon an equality—but at a disadvantage with his brethren south of the line. Let us see what he will have to pay. These figures are taken from the customs tariff of 1890—known as the McKinley bill—and can be readily verified at the custom house, the public library, the law library, or at any lawyer's office containing a copy of the supplement to the Revised Statutes of the United States, 1874 to 1891.

If he has 100 bushels of wheat to sell on this side of the line, the Canadian wheat-grower must pay Uncle Sam $25 for the privilege; if of corn, $15; barley, $30; rye, $10; oats, $15. But, to cover the field of agriculture more thoroughly, the following table is submitted, as indicating the rate of duty charged upon agricultural products brought into this country to compete with the products of our own farmers. And before their articles can be marketed, this duty must be paid:

Wheat, 25 cents per bushel.
Corn, 15 cents per bushel.
Barley, 30 cents per bushel.
Rye, 10 cents per bushel.
Oats, 15 cents per bushel.
Buckwheat, 15 cents per bushel.
Flax seed, 30 cents per bushel.
Hemp, $25 per ton.
Agricultural seeds, 20 per cent.
Meats, 25 per cent.
Milk, 5 cents per gallon.
Butter, 6 cents per pound.
Eggs, 5 cents per dozen.
Broom corn, $8 per ton.
Potatoes, 25 cents per bushel.
Vegetables, natural, 25 per cent.
Vegetables, preserved, 45 per cent.
Cattle, less than 1 year old, $2 per head.
Cattle, 1 year old and over, $10 per head.
Hogs, $1.50 per head.
Sheep, 75 cents to $1.50 per head, according to age.
Horses, $30 per head.
Horses, value $150 or more, 30 per cent.
Tea, free.
Coffee, free.
Sugar, free.

In conclusion: If this is not protection for the farmer, pray what is it? It may be truthfully said that there is not a known farm product indigenous to our soil that has not been considered and cared for in the formation of the tariff law of 1890.

The total value of our exports for the year ending September, 1892, was $993,264,674, as compared with $923,362,015 for the corresponding period last year. The total value of imports was $854,621,804, compared with $824,716,842 for the same periods. Wages have gone up in many lines, the industrious man has no difficulty in getting employment, and the country is prosperous. There is no room for calamity wails this year, and the hopes of the Democratic party are correspondingly depressed.

The cheering news comes from Minnesota that Minnesota is certain for Harrison, and that the Democratic hopes in that state are akin to Cal. Brice's rainbows. Ex-Gov. Hubbard, of that state, says:

I think the West, as well as the Northwest, will support the President on November 8. The People's party is weakening in Minnesota; and it will not be strong enough to defeat the Republicans, as the Democrats are hoping. You can put anyone who says Minnesota is doubtful down as talking through his hat.

Nebraska Democrats have decided to support the Weaver electors in the hope of preventing the state going Republican. They know that there is no possibility of Weaver's election, and hope to throw the choice of a President into the House of Representatives. The present House would elect; and as it is Democratic, Cleveland would be the man. A vote for Weaver is a vote for Cleveland, every time.

Patrick Egan was defamed, sworn at, written at, scoffed at, and denounced in every way by the English-loving mugwump press, because he was an Irishman and had stood for the Irish cause against Victoria and her royal household. On November 8th, the Irish-American voters will get even with the Cleveland mugwumps by voting for Harrison.

Dave Hill is making speeches in Virginia. This is the way he assists in carrying New York for Cleveland.

COMMISSIONER PECK'S FIGURES

The abandonment of the trumped-up case in the courts against Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, calls public attention anew to his facts and figures. It illustrates the willingness of that party to resort to the lowest trickery to deceive the people. The scene it pictures is not the representation of anything ever proposed by any bill ever introduced into Congress. Let us have a few plain words about this "force bill" bugaboo.

In the Fifty-first Congress a bill was introduced by Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, to secure a fair ballot and an honest count in federal elections—that is, for Congressmen and Presidential electors. This is the bill which the Democrats miscall the "force bill." It did not refer to state and county elections, because Congress has no power over them. It could not prevent state elections being held at different voting places, or on a different day, from federal elections. The bill was an extremely long one—too long for us to publish; nor is it worth publishing, for it is as dead as the Pharaohs.

It provided for three federal supervisors of election at each polling-place, to supervise the balloting, see that every citizen, white or black, deposited his vote without fear or coercion, and to watch the count, to see that it was honestly made. There were a vast number of provisions against various offenses against the purity of elections, and it is these provisions, couched in legal language, which made the bill so long.

This bill passed the House, but was defeated in the Senate by Republican votes. Many Republicans in the House also voted against it, but not enough to defeat it there. The reason these Republicans voted against it was that they did not believe it wise to excite again the unreasoning and bitter race prejudice in the South against the negroes, and from the belief that the negro voters, in case it was passed, would be terrorized by a revival of Ku-Kluxism, and would not attempt to vote at all.

These views are now shared by most of the Republican leaders. The Minneapolis platform reaffirmed the doctrine "that every citizen of the United States shall be allowed to cast one free and unrestricted ballot, and that such ballot shall be counted and returned as cast;" but it was silent as to Congressional interference. It demanded that "such laws shall be enacted as will secure to every citizen * * this sovereign right;" but this is to be interpreted as referring to state legislation, not to national. That President Harrison takes this view is clear from his letter of acceptance.

In that he repeats the recommendation of his last annual message, proposing the creation of a commission, to inquire into the whole subject of the law of elections relative to the choice of officers of the national government, And he said:

The power of the states over the question of the qualification of electors is ample to protect them against the dangers of an ignorant or depraved suffrage, and the demand that every man found to be qualified under the law shall be made secure in the right to cast a free ballot and to have that ballot honestly counted, cannot be abated. Our old Republican battle-cry, "a free ballot and a fair count," comes back to us, not only from Alabama but from other states, and from men who, differing widely in opinions, have come to see that parties and political debate are but a mockery if, when the debate is ended, the judgment of honest majorities is to be reversed by ballot box frauds and tally sheet manipulations in the interest of the party or party faction in power.

The appeal is to the people themselves, to right these admitted wrongs. It is not for a law of Congress to attempt to compel fair elections by brute force, but for the intelligence and patriotism of the people to take up the problem and solve it in each state for themselves.

The deep prejudice at the South against the negro has been used by the Democratic leaders to keep that section solid for their party. The whites there would divide on the tariff and other questions of the day as they divide in the North, were it not for the incessant agitation of the force-bill bogie, and the cry of "No negro domination!"

The census of 1890 ought to teach every intelligent person that there is no danger that the South will be ruled by the negroes. They are in a minority. The states which have large black populations are Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia. The population of those states in 1880 and 1890 was:

	White.	Colored.
1880	12,578,253	6,069,233
1890	15,453,323	6,944,915

The ratio of increase for the decade was 23.1 per cent for the whites, and only 13.8 per cent for the negroes. That is, the whites are increasing nearly twice as rapidly as are the blacks. With the former more than double in numbers, and increasing twice as fast, there is no shadow of foundation for a scare over "negro domination." When will the people of the South get over their silly fears, and act with reason and judgment on this matter?

You can always tell the quality of apples on a tree by counting the sticks and stones lying around its roots. People waste no time in pelting trees that do not produce good fruit. So it is with men. Let a man be earnest and active; let him by his zeal and ability, compel the enemy to dislike him, and he will find himself assailed, vilified, and misrepresented. And this explains why there is such venomous activity displayed against Governor Ashley by the Democrats of this district.

The desperate effort to throw the Presidential election into the Democratic House of Representatives continues. In Colorado the Cleveland electoral ticket has been withdrawn, and the Weaver electoral ticket is endorsed by the Democratic managers, by order of the Democratic national committee. But the straight-out Democrats are kicking, and the deal will have a rocky road. Every People's party man should rebuke this effort to make Weaver a catspaw to pull Cleveland's chestnuts out of the fire.

Michigan will rebuke the Democratic corruption, thefts and frauds in gerrymander and political steals this fall. John T. Rich is a typical American, and will make an executive officer much better than the tool of Don Dickinson, Allen B. Morse.

The free trade Democrats are working hard in the interests of the British manufacturers and workingmen, against the interests of every American workingman.

No wildcat currency, with its resulting loss to hard-working note holders!

Peck's statistics seem to have hit the Democratic party on its crazy-bone.

We think Grover Cleveland is beaten.

THE FORCE BILL BOGIE.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce, much diminished in size, a cartoon which has apparently been posted up all over the Southern states by the Democrats. It illustrates the willingness of that party to resort to the lowest trickery to deceive the people. The scene it pictures is not the representation of anything ever proposed by any bill ever introduced into Congress. Let us have a few plain words about this "force bill" bugaboo.

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FIGURES, NOT FANCIES.

President Harrison aptly characterized the difference between free traders and protectionists when he said the latter are the "students of markets, not maxims." The statistics of Commissioner Peck, and the census returns of the industries of the leading cities, carry out this parallel. Their figures are solid, irrefutable facts, not fancies born of moonshine theories. Here is a tabulated list, showing the percentage of increase of wages of skilled and unskilled labor, men and women, from 1880 to 1890, derived from the census reports. It speaks for itself, and carries conviction to the mind of every intelligent man:

	Average Wages Per Hand, 1880.	Average Wages Per Hand, 1890.	Percentage of Increase.
Trenton, N. J.	$354	$536	51.41
Newark, N. J.	418	570	30.14
Hoboken, N. J.	392	489	14.74
Elmira, N. Y.	375	472	25.87
Buffalo, N. Y.	413	502	21.55
Rochester, N. Y.	357	512	43.42
Albany, N. Y.	387	556	43.42
Springfield, Mass.	395	578	46.33
Fall River, Mass.	273	395	33.70
Lynn, Mass.	475	603	29.57
Worcester, Mass.	377	541	29.74
Boston	421	614	45.84
Lowell, Mass.	269	381	20.42
New Bedford, Mass.	354	422	22.03
Cambridge, Mass.	453	557	22.90
Milwaukee, Wis.	333	472	41.74
Minneapolis, Minn.	483	588	15.53
Salt Lake City, Utah	459	652	42.05
Wilmington, Del.	404	525	32.43
Kansas City, Mo.	558	650	16.49
Charleston, S. C.	288	421	44.63
Oakland, Cal.	548	794	44.85
San Francisco, Cal.	520	645	22.88
Atlanta, Ga.	242	420	73.55
Augusta, Ga.	267	323	21.72
Omaha, Neb.	431	646	49.88
Philadelphia, Pa.	346	529	52.89
Lancaster, Pa.	277	323	16.61
Bridgeport, Conn.	445	590	32.58
Chicago, Ill.	496	580	35.09
Denver, Col.	535	795	48.59
Providence, R. I.	413	500	21.07
Cleveland, O.	391	569	45.52
Dayton, O.	381	497	30.45
Des Moines, Iowa	485	533	9.90
Evansville, Ind.	372	426	14.44
Nashville, Tenn.	274	440	60.87
Memphis, Tenn.	373	515	38.07
Grand Rapids, Mich.	366	398	50.07
Wheeling, W. Va.	308	454	14.07
Norfolk, Va.	473	473	00.00
Manchester, N. H.	311	385	23.79
Toledo, O.	315	514	53.63
Allegheny, Pa.	410	538	31.22

THE FRICK LIE.

The Democrats are on the verge of desperation. Within the past ten days the signs of approaching Republican victory have been too plain to be mistaken, and they are endeavoring to stem the tide by all sorts of roorbacks. We should not be surprised to see something as infamous as was the Morey letter, in the Garfield campaign, sprung by the Democrats in the last days of the campaign. Just now their current lie is that H. C. Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel company, who took a trip to New York city a few days ago, carried a heavy contribution to the Republican campaign fund.

This lie is intended for circulation among workingmen, who dislike Frick because of the Homestead troubles. Its refutation is easy. Mr. Frick is a Democrat, and has always been one. Chairman Carter, of the national Republican committee, has this to say of the story:

This story was obviously put into circulation for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the committee and the cause it represents, and of diverting attention from the real issues of the campaign. I do not know whether Mr. Frick was in the city on Saturday or not, but if he was I did not see him. In fact, I never have met him, nor has he been at any time in consultation with any member of our committee. Neither Mr. Frick nor Mr. Carnegie has thought proper to contribute a penny to the funds of the committee.

HARRISON WILL WIN.

As election day draws near, the political situation grows clearer. Out of the clouds of doubt and uncertainty which have enveloped the outlook, the final triumph of Republicanism begins to become apparent. The array of doubtful states grows smaller and smaller; and in those still admitted to be in doubt by politicians of both parties, it is possible to forecast the probabilities.

The New York Sun, a Democratic sheet, and with the reputation of being very fair in its forecasts of political events, gives the following table as the most probable outcome of the Presidential election next Tuesday:

Republican.		Democratic.	
California	9	Alabama	11
Colorado	4	Arkansas	8
Idaho	3	Delaware	3
Illinois	24	Florida	4
Iowa	13	Georgia	13
Kansas	10	Kentucky	13
Maine	6	Louisiana	8
Massachusetts	15	Maryland	8
Michigan	9	Mississippi	9
Minnesota	9	Michigan	5
Nebraska	8	Missouri	17
New Hampshire	4	North Carolina	11
Ohio	23	New Jersey	10
Oregon	4	South Carolina	9
Pennsylvania	32	Tennessee	12
Rhode Island	4	Texas	15
Vermont	4	Virginia	12
Washington	4	West Virginia	6
Wyoming	3		
Total	188	Total	174

People's party—Nevada, 3.

Doubtful, between Republicans and People's Party—North Dakota 3, South Dakota 4—Total, 7.

Doubtful, between Republicans and Democrats:

New York	36	Wisconsin	12
Indiana	15	Montana	3
Connecticut	6		
Total			72

There are 444 electoral votes, and it will require 223 to elect. Under the above forecast, the Republicans require only 35 more votes than those conceded to el

DO YOU WANT $500

And a Chance to Get the Weekly Blade FREE for One Year?---If So, Read This Announcement.

THE BEST OFFER WE EVER MADE!

We believe this announcement to be the most remarkable one ever offered by any newspaper to the general public. It is entirely in the interest of our subscribers and of those who may become subscribers under its terms, and will cost us a great deal of money, the advantage being all on the side of the present Blade subscribers, as nearly every one of them will, without doubt, obtain two years' subscription to the Weekly Blade for $1. We feel gratified, however, at being able to give this advantage to our old subscribers, who have most of them been on our lists for many years; and all we ask is that they shall make this matter as public as they conveniently can among their neighbors and friends. We ask no one to take any time to solicit subscriptions for the Weekly Blade on these terms; but it will take only a few minutes to show your friends this remarkable announcement.

Our offer is this:

We will give to every person who reads this announcement, the Weekly Blade one year FREE, if he shall correctly guess who will be elected President of the United States at the coming November election. The conditions are simply these: Fill out the coupon below, with your name and address; write in the proper blank the name of the candidate you think will be the winner; cut out the coupon around the border, and send it to us in a letter with $1 enclosed. Presuming that you are already a subscriber, we will on receipt of this coupon and one dollar extend your time ONE YEAR from the date of expiration of your present subscription (this extension will be made immediately on receipt of your money). This coupon will be carefully filed away until after election. As soon as the result is made known, all those who have guessed correctly the name of the winning candidate will have their time extended for ANOTHER full year, FREE, thereby receiving the Weekly Blade TWO YEARS for the $1 sent us.

(Please bear in mind: Remittances under these terms must be $1 each, current funds, no discount or commission off, and no participation in any other one of our former or present premium offers. Make remittances by money order, express order, postal note, draft on New York or Chicago, or in currency by registered letter. Do not send checks on country banks. Do not send postage stamps, if possible to obtain other funds. No coupon will be filed unless accompanied by $1; neither will a coupon be filed if the remittance is short of the net amount—$1. No commission to agents allowed on this offer.)

Furthermore, we offer you still more advantages. Notice on the coupon the blank to be filled out with your guess as to the TOTAL NUMBER of votes which will be cast for ALL candidates at the coming Presidential election. Fill this out also, and you will participate in 206 opportunities for cash premiums, according to the premium list following:

LIST OF PREMIUMS:

1—$500 CASH to the one guessing the figures of the total vote.
2—$100 CASH to the one nearest.
3.....$50 to the next
4.....$25 to the next
5.....$20 to the next
6.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
7.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
8.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
9.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
10.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
11.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
12.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
13.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
14.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
15.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
16.....$19 to the next
17.....$18 to the next
18.....$17 to the next
19.....$16 to the next
20.....$15 to the next
21.....$14 to the next
22.....$13 to the next
23.....$12 to the next
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50.....$10 to the next
51.....$10 to the next
52.....$10 to the next
53.....$10 to the next
54.....$10 to the next
55.....$10 to the next
56.....$10 to the next

In addition to the above fifty-six premiums, we propose to add 150 new Blade Sewing Machines, in case our total renewals and subscriptions reach the number of 150,000. This will make the number of premiums 206, instead of the 56 given above, to be participated in by the 206 guessing nearest to the total number of votes polled at the coming election.

In case we receive less than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers, but 100,000 or more, we shall add 100 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above list of premiums, making the total number of premiums 156, instead of 56, as stated above.

In case we fall short of 100,000 renewals and new subscriptions, but receive 75,000 or more, we shall add 50 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above premium list, making the total number of premiums offered 106, instead of 56, as stated above.

We confidently expect to receive more than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers on the terms of this offer. We believe more than 100,000 of our present 115,000 subscription list will immediately renew on the terms of this offer; and it is certainly safe to estimate that 50,000 new subscribers will come to us, if our friends will take a little pains to show this offer to their neighbors and friends.

We shall not be surprised if 250,000 people avail themselves of this offer before the coming election day; and we are making extraordinary preparations to take care of that number of subscriptions.

The coupon below explains itself. All you have to do is to plainly fill it out, write your name and address very plainly, add your guesses carefully in their proper places; then cut the coupon from the paper, and mail it to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," with $1 inclosed.

Be particular, also, in the proper place on the coupon, to write "Renewal" if your name is now on our books, either as an annual or campaign subscriber; or "New" if your name is not on our books at present. This is merely to facilitate our work in the counting-room and mailing-room.

SOME FIGURES TO HELP.

As an aid to you in estimating what the total popular vote for President will be this year, we give you below the official figures of the total popular vote at the last four Presidential elections:

POPULAR VOTE, 1876.

Tilden, Dem.	4,284,885
Hayes, Rep.	4,033,950
Cooper, Greenback	81,740
Green Clay Smith, Proh.	9,522
Walker, American	2,636
Total vote, 1876	8,412,733

POPULAR VOTE, 1880.

Garfield, Rep.	4,449,053
Hancock, Dem.	4,442,035
Weaver, Gbk.	307,306
Dow, Proh.	10,305
Phelps, American	707
Total vote, 1880	9,209,406

POPULAR VOTE, 1884.

Cleveland, Dem.	4,911,017
Blaine, Rep.	4,848,334
St. John, Proh.	151,809
Butler, People's	133,825
Total vote, 1884	10,044,985

POPULAR VOTE, 1888.

Cleveland, Dem.	5,538,233
Harrison, Rep.	5,440,216
Fisk, Proh.	249,907
Streeter, Union Labor	148,105
Cowdry, United Labor	2,808
Curtis, American	1,591
Total vote, 1888	11,380,860

Since the Presidential election of 1888, six new states have been admitted to the Union—North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. They were Territories in 1888, and as the people in the Territories have no vote for the Presidency, they are of course not included in the above table. We give below the total vote of each of these six states at the last state election:

	Total vote.
North Dakota (governor, 1890)	36,489
South Dakota (governor, 1890)	77,607
Montana (congress, 1890)	31,000
Washington (congress 1890)	54,803
Idaho (governor, 1890)	18,210
Wyoming (governor, 1890)	16,032
Total	234,231

Study the above tables carefully. Note the rate of increase each four years; determine in your own mind what the increase this year will be; add what you think the total vote of the six new states will reach; and you will thus get close upon what the total vote for President this fall will be.

This blank coupon will be published seven weeks—the first publication in the issue of September 23, and the last on November 3. Every subscriber will therefore receive seven of these coupons. You will need but one for your own use. See how many of the other six you can influence your friends to use.

It is important that you IMMEDIATELY send your own renewal, no matter if you have just subscribed. Your time will be extended for one year more, anyhow, and for two years if you make the correct guess. We expect every subscriber whose subscription does not expire until next summer or next fall, to just as promptly send us immediately another year's renewal, as if his time expired next month. It is an offer that we shall never make again, and it is certainly to your interest to take advantage of it now.

The time is very short. Therefore, don't delay an hour after first reading this advertisement.

ONLY UNTIL NOVEMBER 8TH.

The terms of this offer will expire with all orders RECEIVED by us on November 8th. No coupons will be filed which are received AFTER that date.

We urge again that you send your renewal immediately. For the convenience of our clerical work, we ask you not to postpone it until the last week of the offer.

Here is the coupon:

COUPON.

Cut out this and enclose with your order for the WEEKLY BLADE one year, first filling out the following blanks. This coupon is not valid unless accompanied by $1.00 in current funds, for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE.

I believe _____ *will be Elected President of the United States at the coming November Election.*

This is a _____ *Subscription.*

If your name is now on our books, write "Renewal" in the blank space; if not, write "New."

I believe the Total Number of Votes Cast for all Presidential Candidates at the coming November Election, will be _____

Name _____

Post Office _____

County _____

State _____

Date _____ *1892.*

No. 7.

Read it carefully; fill in the blanks, cut it out and send it with one dollar to

"THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO."

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC SCARECROW.

A number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade in the South have sent us copies of a huge yellow handbill which is, apparently, posted up all over that section. It bears the above cartoon, with the legend, "What the Force Bill Means—A Bayonet Behind Every Ballot." In the editorial columns of this issue we discuss the federal elections bill, and show the silliness of the Bourbon cry.

We give below two sample letters accompanying the specimens of the handbill sent us. The first is from Pikeville, Bledsoe county, Tennessee:

Editor Blade:—There lives in this village Hon. J. C. Myers, ex-state senator. He was elected in 1888 to the legislature by the Democrats of the Ninth senatorial district. He was the ostensible author of the registration bill, which was enacted into law, whose most objectionable feature was its provision for registration certificates which must be exhibited at the polls. But the holder can sell his certificate. The purchase of these certificates was the thing aimed at by this partisan legislature. Myers is a very active and a very unscrupulous partisan.

To show you how this Hon. ex-senator has gone down I mail you herewith a picture, the duplicate of which he is posting on trees and stumps along the highways in this and adjoining counties. I cut this from a large stump near this place. The Democrats here are "selling below cost" to get rid of their "old stock" and "make room for new goods." Very truly,

R. G. BLACKBURN.

The second is from Elizabeth, West Virginia:

Editor Blade:—Enclosed you will find a sample of the campaign circulars that the Democrats are using in this state. Do they, anywhere in the United States, appeal to the intelligence of the people, or do they appeal to their ignorance and passion as they do here?

Their speakers are as bad as this circular or poster. They make assertions that no sane man believes to be lies. I am a Republican and love my party, but if they (its speakers, etc.) even stoop to such buncomb I would surely desert it.

G. W. HARRIS.

JAPAN.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF IT?

Probably Very Little—The Blade Proposes to Tell You a Vast Deal of Interest About This Strange Country.

Mr. Robinson Locke, the editor of The Blade, has started for Japan, as we have already announced he would do. The party is made up of himself and wife, his mother, Mrs. D. R. Locke, and his brother, Mr. Charles Locke. He takes with him letters from the State department at Washington, which will secure for himself and party a cordial welcome in the highest official and social circles of the Japenese Empire.

The trip is undertaken for the express purpose of giving to the readers of The Blade accurate and interesting information concerning this wonderful country, its strange and interesting people. We believe the series of letters he will furnish will alone be worth to every reader far more than the cost of The Blade. If gathered into a book, illustrations and all, it would sell for at least twice the subscription price of the paper. This series will be illustrated by engravings made from

Photographs Taken on the Spot.

showing not merely those things with which you have been made familiar, but illustrating the life, the homes, the costumes and the habits of the people, both rich and poor, both the dwellers in the city and the dwellers in the country. Among the interesting features we will mention a few:

Japanese farming—their crops, mode of cultivating the ground, farm implements, animals, etc.—telling especially those points in which they differ in method from ourselves, with engravings of Japanese farms and farm life.

Japanese homes—the houses they dwell in, how they furnish them, how they dress, how the Japanese women conduct the household, their social customs, etc. Every lady reader of The Blade will be interested especially in this.

The Japanese shops and stores, their odd methods of traffic, the kind of goods they buy, their money and financial methods—much of which is entirely unknown to the masses of the American people.

These are but a few of the many points that will be treated in these letters, and all that we have room to mention this week. Further announcements will be made from week to week in these columns. The series will be called

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN."

And they will form a special feature of The Blade for next year—a feature, too, which can be obtained only in its columns, as they are written exclusively for it and its patrons. Don't fail to renew your subscriptions in time. We cannot say how soon the series will begin. It requires about twenty days to travel from Toledo to Yokohama—the party going over the Canadian Pacific railway to Vancouver, British Columbia, thence by steamer across the Pacific ocean to Yokohama. As soon as the first letter and its photographs arrive, the latter will be at once engraved, and the publication of the series will begin.

Repartee.

Mrs. Da Serve—My, dear you should be thinking of marriage now. I was married at your age.

Miss La Conte—True; but give me time. Mamma tells me you were at my age for fully five years.—Puck.

MRS. HARRISON'S LAST WORK.

A Loving Memento to be Sent to Every Woman in America.

Mrs. Harrison could not have left a more loving memento to the women of America than the work she did for them before her last sickness. It is a magnificent work of art, a Bunch of Orchids, painted by her in the White House, from an orchid raised in the White House. It is lovingly dedicated to the mothers, wives, and daughters of America; and the reproductions are so perfect, that last August, when a proof was submitted to Mrs. Harrison at Loon Lake, for her approval, she thought it was her own original painting. DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE has the honor of being the medium through which these valuable pictures (12x15) were presented to the women of America. They are not for sale; but we will now send one to any mother, wife or daughter who will enclose five two-cent stamps to pay for transportation, packing, etc. These exquisite mementos, bearing Mrs. Harrison's autograph and portrait, will soon be beyond price, and should be secured at once. Address DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

TWO SWEETHEARTS.

The eyes of Lizette are like miniature seas,
With ripples that laugh, and willows that weep
On the shore; and the low-bending boughs of the trees
Deepen and soften the shadows that creep
At night near the ocean edge, fashioned to fret
A saint into sinning—the eyes of Lizette.

The eyes of Marie were designed to derange
The minds of weak mortals. There is something about
Them so sweetly pathetic, as deep and as strange
As two holes in the night where the stars are pulled out.
How can I choose then, which shall it be—
Laughing Lizette or little Marie?

—Cy Warman.

Publishers' Desk.

OUR GREAT HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CHART.

Some time ago we discontinued the advertisement of the above chart in the Weekly Blade, but we still receive so many orders from readers who want it, that we have concluded to fill orders for a short time, for it and the Weekly Blade at $1.75 for the two; but the offer will soon be withdrawn to make room for new premiums. This Chart is a great political educator, useful in every family where there is young people, as well as for their elders. It is one of the best and most compact resumes of political history, statistics and geographical information ever compiled on one sheet. An hour's study of this Chart will give anybody ten dollars' worth of information. Nothing of the sort published for many years has had so large a sale as this. Read the advertisement in another column, and order during the month of September, without fail!

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Four Kinds of Weapon-Carriers.

In general terms it may be said that four classes of men carry weapons concealed upon their persons. They are officers of the law, who need them to enforce obedience to authority; criminals, who make use of them for defense or in perpetrating outrages upon society; fools, who think it smart to go around like a cowboy, and bullies, who need a drink of whisky and a row over to give them the courage nature has denied them.—Baltimore Herald.

Croup Stripped of Its Terror.

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure promptly relieves the most violent attack. Mothers of croupy children will find it handy when needed. Trial package free of druggists or by mail. Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn.

This is All Wrong.

"American ignorance makes me tired," said the knowing Englishman to an admiring group of chappies in an up-town cafe. "On every side," he resumed, "I hear people saying, 'Where am my 'at? Where am my 'at?' when even a schoolboy in England would know that it ought to be 'Where its my 'at?'"—N. Y. Sun.

Ready for Finishing.

Caller—"So you have just graduated at Miss Teachem's private academy?"

Fair Graduate—"Yes. I am now going to a finishing school to study drawing, music, languages, sculpture, repousse work, embroidery, etc."

"To what finishing school will you go?"

"Oh, any of the public schools."—New York Weekly.

SMITH & WESSON

Hammerless

A PERFECT AND SAFE ARM FOR HOME PROTECTION

So constructed that accidental discharge is absolutely impossible, rendering it perfectly harmless in the hands of a child. Send stamp for Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue.

SMITH & WESSON

Springfield, Mass. U.S.A.

TRADE MARK

CURRENT EVENTS.

The mediæval lance was 18 feet long.

London with 44 theaters already is to have another.

Corsets have been found on the waists of Egyptian mummies.

The hawthorn is an American plant and was first mentioned in 1638.

Before the year 1800 twelve papers were published in the United States.

Missouri has 849 newspapers; Illinois, 1,714; Kansas, 765; Texas, 542.

A colony of about 1,000 Japanese is to be established in Sinaloa, Mexico.

Cooked snails in packages are sold to the railway travelers all over France.

Spanish wooden goods were famous for their strength and beauty in 1203.

A mountain of carbonate of zinc is the latest discovery near Hillsboro, N. M.

A Newfoundland company has been organized to gather ice from icebergs.

Electricity was first transported from place to place in a portable form in 1851.

Mexican flint knives were made so sharp that they could be used for trimming hair.

Artificial scars are painted on the faces of Heidelberg students who never fought.

Immediately the organ begins to play at St. Margaret's, London, all the pews are free.

Some titled English women are to start a movement for the salvation of barmaids' souls.

An American is said to have offered to buy the famous Warwick castle for "spot cash."

The height of coarseness and vulgarity has been reached in London music hall songs.

It is believed the guides in London Tower can extract a shilling out of the champion miser.

It is proposed to have a winter circus and skating pond at the London Crystal Palace.

Hamburg is to have new sanitary laws and regulations, due to the visitation of cholera.

Twenty new horses have recently been added to the royal stables at Windsor Castle.

Of all the ruins in England Kenilworth is said to be "kept in the best state of repair."

A Swiss hotel advertises that it has the patronage of the "elite of American statesmen."

Jokes from American newspapers are compiled and sold by a bureau to London weeklies.

It is a fortunate visitor who can gain nowadays an audience with the Empress Eugenie.

Paris "salesladies" want more pay and shorter hours. Probably they have read New York papers.

Muffs were first used by doctors to keep their fingers soft and were adopted by ladies about 1550.

In France there are about 10,000,000 houses, the half of which are exclusively inhabited by their respective owners.

Several changes have recently been made among the military and naval attaches of the American legations in Europe.

Tickets for a music hall performance are given away with every copy of one of the London weeklies bought by the public.

Somebody claims that an electric plant has been discovered in India, which will influence a magnetic needle 20 feet distant.

A New York oyster-house keeper has discovered in a Little Neck clam a pearl, for which he has already been offered a good price.

A complete suit of horse armor comprised the champont, head piece; manitaire, neck piece; poitrel for the shoulders and croupier over the hips.

Manufactures of clothing increased during the free trade period at the rate of $1,750,000 a year. Since 1860 the increase has been at the rate of $11,250,000 annually.

In 1880 our domestic exchanges amounted in value to $8,000,000,000 in round numbers; in 1890 the amount was $16,000,000,000, the increase in ten years being $8,000,000,000.

The cent which, in 1785, George Washington dropped on the Ira Mead homestead, near Turk Hill, Conn., has been recently found, and the finder of it is an immensely proud man.

Cable railroads are no features of most of the leading American cities. The first cable railroad in New York city was built on Tenth avenue by Lewis Lyon, an Englishman, recently deceased.

The common daphne grown in flower gardens is one of the most deadly poisons known to the botanist. Three of four of the berries will kill a man as quickly as strychnine, and one has been known to kill a child in half an hour.

The Chinese Empire and dependencies, Mongolia, Manchooria, Chinese Turkestan, Kokanor and Thibet, occupy an area of at least 5,000,000 square miles, or about one-third of Asia. The population is estimated at from 300,000,000 to 450,000,000.

The first patent in the United States was issued July 31, 1790, to Samuel Hopkins for making pot and pearl ashes. Four hundred and thirty-three thousand four hundred and thirty-six patents were issued during the first 100 years of the patent office.

A San Francisco firm is about to attempt the revival of whaling in the Antarctic ocean, which has not been carried on for as much as 25 years. A quarter of a century ago the catches of sperm and right whales used to be excellent there, and many whalers are now of the opinion that the Southern seas will again afford a profitable field for operation.

Waiting.

"They say Miss Smith has never married, because of a mysterious romance in her life."

"Yes, it is because of a romance. The romance never came."—Chicago News Record.

—California fruit crop for 1892 is valued at over $50,000,000. If you want to know where to go to raise fine fruits, and at what profit, address California Bureau of Information, Box 289, Chicago, Ill.

Reginald and the Moon.

Beachie Sand—Must you go back to the city, Reginald? How quickly the month has gone! I can hardly realize that the moon is on its last quarter.

Reginald de Ribbon—I am, at any rate.—Truth.

NEXT WEEK!

A Story by an Able Eastern Writer, Fresh and Unhackneyed in Plot, and Extremely Interesting.

In the issue of The Weekly Blade of November 10, we shall begin the serial publication of a new story by Irving Bacheller, a rising New York author. It is entitled

"THE UNBIDDEN GUEST,"

and several well-known critics who have read it express themselves regarding it with much enthusiasm. One of these is from Howard Fielding, the noted litterateur, who says:

My Dear Sir:—I congratulate you heartily upon your story, "The Unbidden Guest." Its action passes in the midst of a dark subject, and bears its own illumination. The merit of a story is, unhappily, not a guarantee of its success; but in this case I feel sure that the excellence of the work will not be overlooked. That actor who is felt but not seen has impressed me deeply; and I know that his invisible hand will lead every other reader, as it led me, irresistibly from scene to scene, to the end.

Yours sincerely,

HOWARD FIELDING.

"The Unbidden Guest" presents a new mystery to the reading world. One of the characters is simply a voice, whose owner is not revealed until the last chapter, when it points a moral with very telling effect.

We have read the story, and have no hesitancy in saying that The Blade's readers will be charmed with it. It is written in an entirely different vein from any serial we have published for a long time, and will afford an agreeable variation. Don't fail to read it.

An Indication.

"Is your father a Democrat or Republican, Jack?"

"I guess pop's a Prohibitionist," replied Jack. "He won't let me do a darn thing."—N. Y. Sun.

Music Hath Charms.

Jones—I heard a song last night that took me back to my mother's knee.

Adams—What was it? The Patter of the Shingle?—Puck.

CATARRH

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is a chronic cold with a tendency to blood deterioration and the breaking down of lung tissue—consumption. Aerated Oxygen is the one remedy which cures the disease by removing the cause and purifies the blood. It is the Ideal Remedy for

CATARRH

Treatment sufficient for the Winter, $3. Inhaler, 50c. extra.

For those who are skeptical, we put up a trial size, which we shall be pleased to send for $1. Send for Pamphlet.

Aerated Oxygen Compound Co., Nashua, N.H.

Chicago Office: 3 & 4 CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

New York Office: 19 BEEKMAN STREET.

$3.98 HUNTING CASE GENTS OR LADIES SIZE FREE

A Fine Dueber Gold Watch to Every Reader of This Paper.

Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these Elegant Gold Watches, Waltham, Elgin or Hampden Movement, richly Jeweled, by express for examination, and if you think it equal in appearance to a $60.00 gold watch, pay our special price, $3.98, and the express charges, and it is yours. We send with the watch the maker's guarantee for 15 years, and if you sell or cause the sale of ten we will give you one FREE. Write at once, as this advertisement may not appear again.

NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Marshall, Mich.

"Oh, My Back!" It's painful, we know. Your back is weak and tired. Your physician says it's your kidneys. He has failed and will continue to fail in relieving you. LUMBAGO is your trouble and our Lumbago Pad will give you almost instant relief. Once worn, you will never part with it. Only known remedy for your trouble. Each Pad guaranteed by sight draft as good as gold. Can be worn under corset. Ask your druggist for it. By mail $2.00, in registered letter, postal order or express order. Circulars Free. LUMBAGO PAD CO., AKRON, OHIO. When writing to advertisers mention The Blade.

WORK SHOPS

Of wood and metal workers without steam power equipped with outfits of BARNES' PATENT

FOOT POWER.

Machinery allow lower bids on jobs, and a greater profit than any other means of doing work. Sold subject to a shop trial. Send for price list catalogue.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO., Address 244 Ruby St., Rockford, Ill.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample Free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 42d St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

AGENTS—Quick sales, big pay, standard work. A Columbus and American Progress, by E. O. Haven, LL. D., Hon. J. T. Headley, and J. Sanderson, LL. D. Six vols. in one. Biography, History, State Papers, Statistics, Finance, Politics. A National Handbook of Facts. 1892 to World's Fair. For Home, School and Office Use. 500 pages 130 engs. $1.75. E. B. TREAT, Pub., New York.

QUEEN MAB'S PRANKS In "Romeo and Juliet," beautifully illustrated in Dr. W. O. Phelps Brown's unique Shakespearian Almanac for 1893. Sample copy sent on receipt of stamp. J. GIBSON BROWN, 47 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey.

CATARRH First packet for stamp, to get you to try it. FREE SURE CURE. DRUG HOUSE, Drawer 153, Buffalo, N. Y.

RUPTURE A positive radical cure at home. Sealed Book giving full particulars sent FREE. Address Dr. W. S. Rice, box 419, Smithville, Jeff. Co. N. Y.

MONEY Easily made by handling our novelties; articles that no family can afford to be without. 100 novelties. Ladies and gentlemen wanted as agents. Send for particulars to BILLMAN NOVELTY CO., La Grange, Ind.

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ARE YOU SICK? Write me about your case. Advice free. Dr. G., Lock Box 72, Cleveland, Ohio.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life. Inc. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 326, Kansas City, Mo.

ALL ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Curious, Etc. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The above is an outline sketch of one of the "Columbus" pictures which we offer as premiums to November subscribers to the Weekly Blade. Of course it conveys only a faint idea of this picture, which is printed in beautiful colors, an exact copy of the original painting. Size, 17x24 inches. The same picture is being retailed at $5, with frame, by dealers. This cut will appear only this week, and next week we shall give an outline sketch of the second "Columbus" picture.

Brandreth's Pills

Brandreth's Pills are the great blood purifier. They are a purgative and blood tonic, they act equally on the bowels, the kidneys, and the skin, thus cleansing the system by the natural outlet of the body—they may be called the purgative sudorific and diuretic medicine. They stimulate the blood so as to enable nature to throw off all morbid humors, and cure disease no matter by what name it may be called. One or two of them taken every night will prove an infallible remedy.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

TO EVERY MAN---CURE YOURSELF!

Why waste time, money and health with "doctors," wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when for a 2-cent stamp I will send FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the Prompt Lasting Cure of Lost Power, Nightly Emissions, Lack of Energy, all drains and losses, varicocele, and to enlarge, strengthen and develope weak, stunted organs, from early or later excesses or use of tobacco and stimulants. Lack of vigor in old or young men quickly restored. I send this prescription FREE of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you can do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me, as it cured me after all else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope.

Address J. D. HOUSE, Box 500, ALBION, MICH.

SECOND 5,000 EDITION!

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of THE BLADE will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved expressly for the volume, and alone cost nearly $3,000. They were done by the best artists, the intention being to make a first-class book. Thousands of copies were sold by subscription at $3.50 per copy.

At the present time, "Nasby in Exile" is entirely out of print; but the plates are owned by the Toledo BLADE Co., and there has been such a demand for the past year or two for the book that we have concluded to publish an edition of 5,000 copies, being, however, a little lighter quality of paper to decrease the cost of postage, and the book will be bound in flexible cloth covers, in the same style as was bound "Dr. Carlin's Keepsake" a year ago, with which our readers are familiar. The book will be printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as the original edition—except that we omit five short chapters, referring to the political situation in Ireland. That situation has entirely changed since the book was written, and the statements of these chapters are of no value as matters stand at present. This omission makes the book better than it would otherwise be; for the other chapters are as true to-day as they were when they were written.

We propose to send these 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile" to the first 5,000 people who send us $1 each for a yearly subscription to the Weekly BLADE, under the terms and conditions given below. The book can only be obtained on these conditions.

For all practical purposes, every copy of this edition of "Nasby in Exile" will be fully equal to a copy of the first edition, formerly sold for $3.50—as it contains exactly the same illustrations, the same reading matter (except that referring to Irish politics), and exactly the same as originally published.

To give an idea of what the book is, we give the table of contents and list of illustrations, all of which are in the volume as now being printed:

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Richmond—The Star and Garter—Down the River.
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A Scattering View of Paris—Drinking in Paris—Wine and Whisky—The National Fete.
Something About Parisians—French Cleanliness—The Polite French—The Disgust of Tibbitts.
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The Palais-Royal—A Tale of the Commune—The Wisdom of Therese—The Two Lovers.
French Drinking—The Water of Paris—The Mid Season.
Parisian Living—The Market Woman—Parisian Washing—Female Shop-keepers—The Career of Sam.
Paris to Geneva—A Night on the Rail—Geneva—Affecting Anecdote—Piracy on Lake Erie—The Irate Guest—Too Much Music.
Switzerland—The Rhone—A Geneva Bakery—Swiss Roads—Female Climbers—Ascent of Mont Blanc—A Useful Man at Last.
Chillon—Tibbitts and the Jew—On the Lake.
From Geneva Over the Alps—Mountain Climbing—Gathering Edelweiss—Martigny—A Swiss Cottage—Alpine Accents.
Over the Alps—Tibbitts' Idea—Dangers of Ascending Mt. Blanc.
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Lucerne and the Rigi—Up the Rigi—A Mountain Railway—The Rigi Kulm—Tell's Chapel.
Zurich and Strasburg—Beer and Music—The Cathedral—The Wonderful Clock.
Baden-Baden—A Few Legends—Up the Mountain—To Old Schloss.
Heidelberg—The Great C

The Household

MISS EMILY BOUTON, Editor.

"HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING."

HOME TALKS.

TO MAKE GOOD INVESTMENTS

Women Should Look After Their Own Affairs—They Should Study Business Methods—Avoid Speculation.

I was reading in one of the leading papers of the country an article about the best way to invest one's savings. No doubt many of my readers will be ready to say, "I have none to invest. It takes everything that I can get to supply my every day wants." Though this may be generally true, yet I hope there may be those who make it a point to lay aside each week or month a little money, even if it is an exceedingly small sum. I believe, however, that there are more women than we think who are earning money, or who are developing a business habit in the way in which they use the money that is placed in their hands for household purposes. Good judgment will often enable the latter class to put aside a few dimes in the course of the week and this will, by and by, make up a sum which is surprising.

After an accumulation has begun, a desire grows to make it larger, and then comes the question of how it shall be invested in order to have it safe, and at the same time growing by the accretion of interest. Of course there will be as many kinds of advice given one as there are classes of people of whom it is asked. It is always wise, however, to listen to those who are somewhat conservative; that is, those who advise against taking great risks.

The first thing for any woman to do when she has something to invest is to learn business methods. If she keeps her eyes and ears open this is not hard to do, but the time is so recent when women dared to think for themselves, and when they have earned money more than enough for self-support, that it is hard to realize the necessity of deciding what it is best to do. They are much more likely to listen to masculine friends as to the best way of investing what they have. Sometimes the advice given is excellent because it is carefully considered and comes from long experience. Often, however, it has not the quality given by such consideration, and the result is loss of what may mean so much to the investor.

One thing I want to say right here. When a woman asks advice and invests her money she must remember that she takes precisely the same chance that a man does, and she must be prepared to accept the consequences in the same way, unless she receives the assurance that she shall be reimbursed if loss comes. She must not expect that this will be done any way, simply because she is a woman. When she goes out into the business world she must make up her mind to take risks just as men always do. It is true that at present she does not always do this. There is on her part often a sense of injury when she comes to grief through the failure of a scheme "in which there was thought to be millions." It is for this reason that I would strongly advise women not to enter into speculations unless they put in money they can afford to lose, and can view its loss with equanimity, or at least without blaming anybody for their misfortune.

I well remember asking the advice of a most successful business man as to his idea of the best way for a woman to invest her money. His reply was: "A first-class mortgage secured on a loan is the very safest thing for a woman to have; but remember, it must be a first-class mortgage on improved real estate. Then no matter what comes, she is reasonably safe."

"Why do you not always do that yourself?" I asked.

"I do invest much money that way," he replied, "but I am a man out in the world, with my hand on the business pulse, watching its variations. If a woman can do the same thing, I see no reason why she should not take chances, but it is not often that she can, or that she will, even if she might. If she buys stock in any company, she rarely goes herself to the meetings to listen to reports, but she trusts it all to the masculine stockholders and votes by proxy. The consequence is that she has no way of looking out for herself in case of trouble; but loss usually comes upon her with the suddenness of a lightening flash."

All that is very true, and I guess he was right in his judgment as to the investing of her money.

In a growing place a very good investment is in real estate in a good part of the town or city. I would not advise buying it to hold it unimproved for a rise, unless there is almost an absolute certainty of growth in that direction. It is better to purchase lots and erect small cottages for the thrifty class of working people. These cottages, if well located, rarely stand vacant, and well looked after pay a good per cent upon the money invested. It is well, however, unless the land itself is rapidly advancing in value to sell after the first five or six years; that is when the time for repairs begins, and reinvest somewhere else.

If any one desires to feel quite safe as to her investment, and is desirous of having her money on call, then the savings banks are recommended by most business men. The interest is small, much smaller than can be obtained if greater risks are assumed.

Without discussing any further the best way to invest money, there is one thing that I want to impress upon all women who have money to invest or property of any kind. Learn to take care of it yourselves. Understand business methods. Be sure to acquire a knowledge of the law regarding notes, mortgages, and all of those things which are in constant employment in all exchanges or use of property. Do not be satisfied with putting it into the hands of men, no matter how much confidence you have in them and how absolutely certain you may be of their honesty, and their desire to do well by you. Know yourself what is being done with your possessions. Do not rest satisfied with receiving interest and rent and dividends at stated times, and let the matter drop there. By and by the day will come when you will wish that you had been less ignorant or perhaps less trusting.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 8.

Dear Editor:—Will you tell me why it is that when visiting with relatives in the city, it is considered so very wrong for one to do as I have always been accustomed to do at home, in the country? My parents are just as careful of me, and just as anxious that I should do right as any one could be, but they allow me to accept invitations from young gentlemen to walk, or ride, or attend places of amusement, as I please; and if I invite a gentleman to come in for the evening, or to tea, there are no objections made. Here in the city, where I am obliged to spend the winter with my cousin, it is all different. I must not make any engagements without the approval of my friends, and they will seldom give their consent to my going out alone with a gentleman, and my cousin looked so surprised when I invited a young man who had accompanied us home from down town, to come in to tea, and as she did not say a word, he declined to enter. She told me afterwards that she preferred to invite her own guests. I am reproved if I talk aloud or laugh on the street or in the street cars, and when a gentleman friend from my home came to the city and asked me to go for a ride with him (as I have done dozens of times), she said it would not be proper and refused to allow me to go. I am 18 years old, and think I know what is "proper" as well as she does, and if it were not that I feel obliged to stay here, on account of family arrangements, I would not stay another day. Do you not agree with me that I am badly treated?—Adelaide S. McK.

We publish this letter entire, as it covers the questions asked by several other correspondents. In the first place, Adelaide should remember that at home the young men with whom she associated were all neighbors and old acquaintances, who were as safe an escort for her as her brothers would be, and for that reason the consent of her parents for her to accept invitations from them was take for granted; but in the city the gentlemen whom she meets are comparative strangers, making the approval of her friends very necessary before accepting any attentions from them. A gentleman who understands the usages of the best society will not expect a young girl to accept invitations without the consent of her guardians, nor do they, as a general thing, respect a young girl more for acting independently of these friends.

It is certainly a great liberty for any one to invite company to another person's house without their knowledge and consent, although in Adelaide's case it was done innocently enough. A girl should never invite a gentleman to her house unless with her mother's consent, and with the understanding that he was to come as her mother's guest; and this gentleman probably knew better than to accept such an invitation.

Loud talking or laughing in any public place is always in very bad taste, it attracts unpleasant attentions, and causes unpleasant and, oftentime, undeserved comments.

So with the riding with the gentleman, unless the lady is engaged to him, and her friends are all acquainted with the fact, her cousin probably knew, that in refusing her consent, she was saving Adelaide from unpleasant remarks and criticisms from people who would not know that he was "from home," and that she had been with him to ride, "dozens of times." No young girl, even if she is "eighteen," can afford to brave public opinion in such matters, and though possibly no real harm might come to them, there is a vague kind of a feeling formed about them that will not, to say the least, help them any.

When you are in Rome, Adelaide, you should do as the Romans do, even though you think their customs are foolish, and it will make your visit much pleasanter if you trust to your cousin's advice, even though you feel that your wings are clipped very closely. And, let me whisper, it may be that you are not the only one who will be made uncomfortable during your visit, so try and be as nice as you can, and if you do not feel that you are better for your training during the winter ——, don't come again.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Fire Screen.—Get a bamboo frame with screen space of 20x20 1-2 inches Make the screen of white bolting cloth, and around the edges put a border of white satin ribbon No. 9. Feather stitch this at one edge to the bolting cloth with one thread of white filo-floss. Mitre the corners and feather-stitch those. On the front side put four large rosettes of ribbon at the corners where the screen is tied in position to the upright poles of the frame. On the back side cover the edges where the ribbon is feather-stitched on with a box plaiting about an inch wide of bolting cloth. Feather-stitch through the center of the box plaiting with white filo floss. Decorate the screen in some pretty pattern with splatter work, and in two of the corners put pressed ferns or flowers. If preferred the screen may be painted with sprays of flowers instead of the spatter work.

Picture Drapery.—To one end of a width of golden green India silk, the length depending upon the size of the picture frame, join a piece of bolting cloth nine inches in depth, embroidered in shades of gold dinsel, cutting the lower edge in scallops and embroider with gold tinsel. Hang silk tassels from the scallops and also a row of similar tassels on the opposite end of the scarf. Then shirr the scarf in rosette fashion near the silk end, and fasten the rosette to the center of the picture frame at the top, the end of the scarf spreading out in fan fashion and caught in place. It is then carried in a festoon to the upper left corner of the frame, and another rosette shirred and caught to the frame the end falling nearly to the bottom of the frame.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stich; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c i st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Infant's Sack.—Materials: Three skeins of split zephyr; rather small bone-hook. Make a chain of 110. 1st row—1 tr in 4th, and every other st of ch 106. 2d row—ch 3—* wool over hook—put into back of st—wool o—pull through 2 —repeat from * in next 2 sts—wool o—pull through all stitches on the hook—ch 3; make 7shells like this, then widen for shoulder, which is done by putting into same st as last; in the next 2 repeat from *—make 9 shells—put into the last st and next 2—then 9 shells —widen for shoulder—2 shells—1 tr in end. 3rd row—ch 3—2 tr in end—3 trs under each 3 chs. 4th row—ch3—8 shells—widen in 3 shells instead of 2—10 shells—widen as before—8 shells—1 tr in end. 5th row—ch 3—3 trs under 3 ch 7 times—4 trs 3 times—3 trs 9 times—4 trs—1 tr—4 trs—twice—3 trs 9 times—4 trs 3 times—3 trs 7 times—1 tr in end. 6th row—ch 3—8 shells—widen in 4 shells—10 shells—widen 10 shells—widen in 4—8 shells. 7th row—ch 3—3 trs under 3 ch 8 times —4 trs 3 times—3 trs 11 times—4 trs—1 tr—4 trs—3 trs 11 times—4 trs 3 times—3 trs 8 times—1 tr in end. 8th row—ch 3—8 shells—widen—26 shells—widen —8 shells. 9th row—ch3—3 trs under 3 ch 9 times—4 trs 3 times—3 trs 26 times—4 trs 3 times—3 trs 9 times—1 tr. 10th row—ch 3—9 shells—widen for shoulders only in this row. 11th row—ch 3—3 trs 12 times—4 trs 3 times—3 trs 12 times—4 trs 2 times—3 trs 13 times—4 trs 3 times—3 trs 12 times. 12th row—ch 3—7 shells—ch 5—skip 13 shells—make 18 shells—ch 5—skip 13 shells—make 7 shells. 13th row—ch 3 —3 trs under each 3 ch—1 tr in 5 ch under the arms. 14th row—ch 3—6 shells—widen 7 shells in next 3—7 shells —widen—15 shells. 15th row—ch 3—3 trs under each 3 ch 6 times—then 4 trs—3 trs—4 trs—3 trs 8 times—4 trs—3 trs—4 trs—3 trs 6 times. 16th row—widen under arms and in back. 17th row—ch 3—3 trs 7 times—5 trs—3 trs 10 times—4 trs—1 tr—4 trs—3 trs 10 times—5 trs—3 trs 7 times. 18th row—widen under arms and back. 19th row—ch 3—3 trs 8 times—5 trs—3 trs 11 times —4 trs—1 tr—4 trs—3 trs 11 times—5 trs —3 trs 8 times. 20th row—widen under arms and back. 21st row—ch 3—3 trs 8 times—5 trs—3 trs across back—no widening—5 trs under sleeves—3 trs 8 times. 22d row—widen only under arms. 23rd row—no widening this finishes body. The sleeves are composed of 16 shells, 12 rows. Mosaic border around sleeves and sack. Last row—4 trs shells with pearl edge.

Correspondence.

Daisy.—As you mentioned gloves and hat, it is to be supposed that you wish a dress suitable for calling and street wear. Select either serge, fine flannel or ladies' cloth, in a stylish shade of either grey, fawn or brown. A lovely suit would be made as above of a medium light shade of brown cloth and trimmed with either passementerie, astrachan or feather trimming in a lighter or darker shade of brown. A felt hat, the shade of the cloth, trimmed with feathers of the shade of the dress trimmings, and kid gloves with large buttons would make a very stylish suit. A pretty house waist to go with the suit, would be a basque pointed front and back, and short over the hips. A full vest of surah edged with the trimming, sleeves made with elbow cuffs of the cloth, and full tops of the surah. A sash ten inches wide of surah is fastened to the front point under either a buckle or a rosette of silk, follows the outline of the basque, and falls in one long loop and two long ends from the back point of the basque. A lovely suit just finished is made as above, with two waists, and the bell skirt is slashed up the left side, and the front turned back ten inches to form a revere, and underneath a pleated panel of surah is run. The goods is a copper and cream ladies' cloth, and is trimmed with brown feather trimmings. A large, flat crowned, light felt hat is trimmed with a Prince of Wales bunch of tips, and velvet ribbon, the shade of the feather trimming. The gloves match the dress in color. The jacket has pockets upon the hips and is left open up the back seams.—Jean Hunt.

Don'ts For Young Mothers.—Don't do everything that everybody tells you, you should do for and with your baby. Have a mind of your own.

Don't burden the little one with long, heavily trimmed skirts and dresses. A babe's clothing should be light, warm, loose and free from pins.

Don't make use of harsh napkins, but procure the woven diapering.

Don't feed a babe every time he cries, perhaps his stomach is too full already, or he has colic or is thirsty. If the latter give him a few drops of water. If colic troubles him, place a warm flannel over feet and abdomen and give quite warm water to drink. "Only this and nothing more."

Don't give farinaceous foods until the child begins to cut his teeth, they are positively injurious and frequently cause convulsions.

Don't, unless positively necessary, resort to artificial foods, but if it seems best to do so, exercise great care and judgment in the selection. Lacto-Preparata, or, if good milk can be procured, Peptogenic Milk Powder gives excellent satisfaction.

Don't allow the baby to use the nursing bottles with tubes or any color nipples except black. Don't be careless regarding the cleansing of both bottles and nipples. When not in use, the bottles should be filled with cold water in which a little soda has been dissolved.

Don't allow your baby to be awakened that he may be exhibited to the gaze of admiring friends. Keep the little one as quiet as possible during the first few weeks of his life.

Don't allow your friends, the nurse or yourself to spoil the baby by walking with him, or by rocking him to sleep. If accustomed to it he will go to sleep more easily and naturally by being laid down quietly on a comfortable bed.

Don't give a baby laxatives; such a practice weakens the digestive powers and renders him more costive afterward. An enema of warm water should be administered or a glycerine suppository should be used, then the passage will be natural.

Don't forget that cosmoline rubbed on the nose, back of the ears and on the chest is an excellent preventive as well as remedy for hoarseness or other colds.

Don't forget that a little borax in the bath water will prevent the skin from chafing and render the babe less liable to cold.

Don't deprive a teething child of the pleasure he derives from sucking his thumb. After he has cut his teeth the habit can be easily cured by putting a paste of aloes and water on the thumb. Two or three applications will suffice.

Don't allow a babe's eyes to become strained by continually facing a bright light.

Don't punish a babe by causing his little head to be placed on a feather pillow. The feathers are too heating; lamb's wool, or even cotton, being much preferable.

Don't neglect to notice carefully when lying baby down, and see that the little ears be close to the head. Otherwise they will soon protrude in a very unbecoming manner.

Don't endeavor to accustom him "to sleep in a noise." Baby needs a cool, quiet darkened place for his daily nap.

Don't forget that much depends on the care and training of your child from its earliest infancy, that love and patience are needed, much of both.

Don't forget that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."—Ella Bartlett Simmons.

Correspondence Clippings.

I would like to say to Francis Howard that I did not read the most excellent course laid out by our kind editor last winter, but I did read last year's readings of the C. L. S. C. course, and expect to read this winter's course of the same.—Adella.

In answer to L. A. H., I will advise her as follows: I do not think that the waist could be dyed whole, and give satisfaction, as the net stripe is likely to shrink, or draw up a little, and that would render pressing it very difficult. Neither would I advise your dying your skirt whole, if it is lined. If, however, it is unlined, it can be dyed nicely, if you are very careful to follow directions. Use diamond fast-black dye for cotton. I think it will not need the second dye for silk. One package of the dye will be ample, as the goods are black. Follow the directions for dyeing that I have given before in this department, and do not wring the goods from the rinse water, but hang directly upon the line, and press carefully upon the wrong side before it is quite dry. You might try dyeing your waist, but if you do, follow the directions given a few weeks ago. I could, I think, dye it successfully, but it would be quite difficult, and as you have had no experience in the matter, I cannot advise you to do it. Why not dye the skirt, and then get a blouse of China silk to wear, if you did not make a success of dyeing and pressing the waist? Any big store in the larger cities could furnish plain, black China silk from 50 cents per yard up; while the flowered ones come from sixty-nine cents per yard up. A blouse of the plain black feather-stitched with gold, red, or white, is very pretty. Or you could make a plain short black silk basque, and use your old basque to trim it with. The sleeves could be cut plain, and have a puff of the goods at the top, the upper part of the old sleeves being used for the puffs. A vest could be formed of folds of the goods, and in this way narrow strips could be used. The vest could be pointed and reach to the waist. Made in this way, the waist would be new and stylish. If your skirt is plain, three, or five rows of inch-wide black ribbon could be sewed around the lower edge of it, and make it more stylish.—Jean Hunt.

Pretty frames for photos, handsome cards or sketches may be made of stiff paper—rough tinted paper is prettiest. Cut it square or oblong, as required, and notch the edges. Hold so all the points will come together in the center; then fold each point back. The effect is very pleasing where the paper is a different color on each side. The larger frames should be made of quite heavy paper, and may be decorated with water colors. A pretty photo case may be made of several of these little frames tied together at the corners, so the paper will not unfold, and the leaves tied together with a ribbon.—Alice L. L. Iroas.

What Shall Bessie Read?

We should be glad to have every mother who reads The Blade, send her views on this very important question:

"What books shall 15-year-old Bessie read?"

It is a matter of anxious thought with every intelligent Christian mother as to what she shall allow her daughters, just budding into young womanhood, to peruse. We think the matter very important. We shall be glad to receive the views of mothers, expressed briefly, with lists of books.

We should be glad also to have some of the "Bessies" themselves give their views as to what they prefer. Let us hear from you, girls!

Make your letters as brief as you consistently can. Give your name and postoffice address, in every case. We wish to use the material all at once—not to have a discussion strung along each week for a month or two. All letters must in our hands by Monday, November 7. Please write promptly, that we may have all by that date. Address your letter, "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope write the word "Household."

Inquiries.

Can some one tell me what to do to prevent my hair from falling out? I am only 20 years old, and am already nearly bald-headed?—[illegible]sible.

Is there any cure [illegible] will suffer intensely from it, and dislike to take any opiates, and know of no other means of obtaining relief.—Sufferer.

Will some one tell me how to cream butter as mentioned in many cooking recipes? I know how to make butter from cream, but do not understand what is meant by the above term.—Ignorance.

Can patent leather shoes be cared for in any manner that will prevent them from cracking when exposed to the cold?—Johnny H.

Is there anything that will keep the color of pink, blue and green gingham dresses when washed? And in doing up the summer dresses is it best not to starch them?—Mother.

How can I wash China silk garments so they will not become yellow, or look slazy? And if trimmed with lace, should that be removed before washing the articles?—Perplexed.

Will some one send recipe for a good Charlotte Russe?—Anna M.

Will some one suggest something for window drapery in a small family room? The prevailing tint of the room is peach-blow pink.—Young Housekeeper.

I would like a recipe for chicken patties, shells and filling, and how many would be necessary for a luncheon party of twelve persons?—Mrs. Henry L. Stoddard.

Will some one please give me the different nicknames for "Esther" and "Elizabeth?" Also, will some one please tell me if, on starting to school after vacation to your former teacher whom you do not like, it is unlady-like to refuse to notice his or her hand when offered?—A Wilful Beauty.

Answers to Inquiries.

Worried Mother:—Drink cocoa or chocolate in place of tea or coffee. I have tried it, and in my case it was excellent. Put a teaspoonful in a teacup and fill it up with boiling water; let stand a few minutes to extract the strength, and then add cream and sugar. Beef tea, or good beef soup is good also.—Mrs. G. Kimber.

Perhaps "Hattie and Bess" would like Jane G. Austin's historical novels, "Standish of Standish," "Betty Alden," "A Nameless Nobleman" and "Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters." I think, also, that they would like the writings of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Julia Alcott and "Pansy."—Thankful Polly.

Jennie:—Anti-kamnia, taken in 4-grain powders, at intervals of 20 to 30 minutes, and at the same time using hot mustard applications, will cure cramps in the stomach, or anywhere else.—Rebecca.

A Mother:—I am not Jean Hunt, whom you asked about your baby, but I want to say that long before a baby is two years old it should be taught so that it would not soil any napkins. If you accustom them to sit in a nursery chair at certain times each day, you will soon have no trouble in that way, and the child's health will be better for it. Be sure to be regular in its habits. But to do any good, you must not let anything interfere with your punctuality in attending to this every day at the same hour.—Another Mother.

E. B. C:—I used equal parts of cream tartar and sulphur, well mixed, a teaspoonful before meals, and cured for me a trouble similar to your father's.—S. Jones.

E. B. C:—Your father will be benefited by using a solution of copperas in water. Use your own judgment as to strength. In any case it will cause no injury. I know of its helping an old gentleman who was similarly troubled.—Laura S. Cole.

Recipes.

A handful of salt put into dried fruit or corn will keep away worms.

To Boil Apples.—Peel and quarter your apples, then drop them in boiling syrup, previously prepared.

To Make Apple Butter.—Prepare fruit, then boil with 1-2 lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of apples. Season with cinnamon, cloves, allspice, etc.

To Dry Apples.—Pare and carefully core ripe, firm apples; dry quickly in the sun, covering with mosquito netting. Put away in a cool room.

Dried Apple Cake.—Chop the fruit, cook in syrup till a fork can be put through easily; cool, and use same as other fruit.—Ella Bartlett Simmons.

For ringworm, dampen tobacco leaves and bind on over it at night. It this is not cured at once, it will run in to scald-head with children. —Mrs. Nettie W.

Those who have to work amongst poison ivy can prevent any inconvenience from it by chewing two or three leaves of the plant, which is not poisonous when taken into the stomach, but only to the skin.

Green Tomato Sweet Pickle.—Boil 4 lbs. of brown sugar and 1 qt. of vinegar together, flour with mace, cloves and cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful each. Add 8 lbs. of sliced, green tomatoes and boil 20 minutes, let it cool and put in jars. Cover tightly, and keep in a cool, dry place.—Alice R.

Scallop of Mutton.—Cut cold mutton into small pieces, put a layer in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of stewed tomatoes, then a layer of bread crumbs; sprinkle with salt and pepper and put over it a few bits of butter. Fill the dish in this way, having the last layer of crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven 1 1-2 hours.—Sweet Briar.

Apple Charlotte.—Pare and steam 6 large apples until tender, press them through a colander, and add sugar to taste. Cover 1-2 box of gelatine with cold water, and soak 1-2 hour; then add it to the hot apples, and stir till dissolved. Put the basin containing this in a pan of ice water, and stir continually until the mixture begins to thicken; then stir in quickly 1 pt. of whipped cream. Turn it into a mold, and stand in a cool place to harden. This will serve 8 persons. Sarah T.

SALAD DRESSING.

I loved a girl of Juno sort.
But ill-luck did my suit befall;
Better have loved a girl that's short
And never loved a tall.
—Judge.

Ah, girls are not like apples
Nor any fruit between
The earth and sky, because they
Are sweetest when they're green.
—Detroit Free Press.

When little Bobbie went to church
(He'd never been before)
He cried with puzzled little face:
"Say, ma, this must have been the place
Where papa learned to snore."
—New York Herald.

The small boy taunts the teacher new
And she in vain may do
She knows whatever he may do
He's "mommer's little pet."
—Detroit Free Press.

Sometimes upon the stairway dim and dark
I pause confused and know not where to turn.
One single gas-jet shines far down below,
a spark
Of livid, ghastly blue that hardly seems to burn
To such a science have they got it finely down
To save expenses here in the Hoodoo flats).
And all amid the dusk of soft, seal crown
I fall and stumble o'er the landing mats,
Astray upon the one and twentieth floor,
And know not I am home until I hear
Above the gentle murmur of the house
the cheer
That jocund yodel of Bigges' eight-day brat
next door.
—Puck.

The Testimonials

Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence as if they came from your best and most trusted neighbor. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by **Hood's Pills.** Unequalled as a dinner pill.

OUR WINDOW GARDENING

STORY TOLD BY ONE WOMAN.

Her Home Made Beautiful for Years With Small Expenditure of Money —Others May Do As Well, If They Will.

For our flowers in winter we want warm rooms. When you put on your [illegible] open to them, put lisling around the [illegible] of them. Bank the house well, look around before it gets too cold, and see if there are any places that frost can creep in. It will take less fuel to heat such a house, and if the fire gets low with the thermometer at 35 degrees below zero, your pets won't be as apt to suffer as if this precaution had not been taken. From 65 to 70 degrees of heat is warm enough for any plant, human or vegetable.

If you heat your rooms with a stove, keep a can of water on the stove; have the air of your rooms as moist as possible. This is necessary, both for the health of the family and plants. Always let in plenty of fresh air. Have your rooms aired from the top if you can, as a draft blowing directly on plants hurts them.

Plants will grow better and need less care if the temperature of the room is the same heat—that is, if it is not at one time 35 and another 70 degrees on the same day. Sprinkle your plants often. If you can, once in two weeks take them into the kitchen and wash thoroughly with strong soapsuds, then rinse with clear water. Plants cared for in this way are not much troubled with insects.

If you have such a box as Miss Bouton describes, it will be an easy matter caring for your pets.

One of my friends had a box made about 4 ft. long and 2 wide. This one stood on legs; if castors are put in, it is an easy thing to move. It can be drawn from the window on a cold night and into the kitchen for its bath.

This box had wires running from one end to the other; these were for vines. German ivy does well in a box, and will trail over the sides or on the wires forming a handle. Transcantia, or "Wandering Jew," as it is commonly called, is also good.

Farfugium is lovely in a box if kept at the north window. Madam Salaroi geranium, Happy Thought, or any of the fancy leaved varieties are pretty grown this way; but remember all geraniums must have full sun to do well.

Geraniums that are grown for flowers must be put in pots and the pots plunged, as these flowers do better if a little root bound.

Pyrethrum or "fever-few" blossoms well in a box. It begins to bloom when quite small, and if the faded flowers are picked off, so as to form new branches, and the plants sprinkled often, "as this is the way they like to drink best," I think it will blossom till you become tired of those little, white, perfectly double flowers, that resemble our chrysanthemums so much.

Another box that is pretty for the house in winter, and in the summer is nice for the front yard, or for cemetery use is made, six inches square at the top; 12 inches deep, and 12 inches square at bottom. This is set on a standard 12 inches square and 6 high; then castors are used. Moldings are used where the box joins the standard, and around the bottom also. Geraniums will blossom well in a box like this when out of doors; but, of course, not well in the house, unless in pots. If wanted for cemetery use don't drain by putting holes through the bottom; as being exposed to the wind on all sides and farther away from care, it is apt to dry up what is in it. Put dirt only until about four inches from the top, so a pail full of water can be used at a time.—Cathy M.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A right to tread so softly
Beside the couch of pain;
To smooth with gentle fingers
The tangled locks again;
To watch beside the dying
In wee small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating prayer
When the spirit takes its flight.

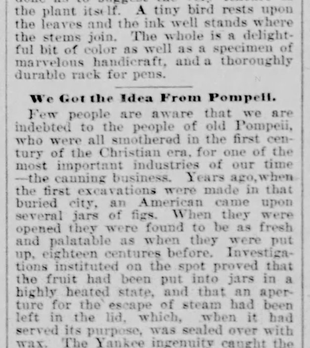
A right to cheer the weary
On the battlefields of life;
To give the word of sympathy
Amid the toil and strife;
To lift the burden gently
From sore and tired hearts,
And never weary of the task
Till gloomy care departs.

A right to be a woman
In truest woman's work—
If life should be a hard one,
No duties ever shirk;
A right to show to others
How strong a woman grows;
When skies are dark and lowering,
And life bears not a rose.

A right to love one truly
And be loved back again;
A right to share his fortunes
Through sunlight and through rain;
A right to be protected
From life's most cruel blights
By manly love and courage—
Sure these are woman's rights.
—Sadie Gilliam Baird in Boston Globe.

Beautiful Pen Racks.

Truly beautiful penracks and inkstands combined are among the latest importations in enameled bronze, mentioned before. One that is remarkable among even such a collection has the leaves of the fleur de lis for the rack,



PENRACK AND INKSTAND.

and its lovely purple flower for decoration. The design is artistic, the coloring exquisite, and the work so wonderfully done as to suggest the very texture of the plant itself. A tiny bird rests upon the leaves and the ink well stands where the stems join. The whole is a delightful bit of color as well as a specimen of marvelous handicraft, and a thoroughly durable rack for pens.

We Got the Idea From Pompeii.

Few people are aware that we are indebted to the people of old Pompeii, who were all smothered in the first century of the Christian era, for one of the most important industries of our time —the canning business. Years ago, when the first excavations were made in that buried city, an American came upon several jars of figs. When they were opened they were found to be as fresh and palatable as when they were put up, eighteen centures before. Investigations instituted on the spot proved that the fruit had been put into jars in a highly heated state, and that an aperture for the escape of steam had been left in the lid, which, when it had served its purpose, was sealed over with wax. The Yankee ingenuity caught the idea at once, and the next year canning factories were erected all over the United States.

IN OLDEN TIMES

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

One View of Society.

The truth about modern polite society is that it exerts no moral force whatever, and, indeed, seems to have no conscience, and it acknowledges no serious obligations to the world. It exists solely for pleasure and display. It exerts no influence, it inspires no one to lofty aims. It is not wholesome. Here in New York, where we are still very young, and where polite society is still as distinctively moral as it is dull—in spite of the sporadic outbursts of a few scions of ancient families whose cubtishness is not excelled by the gilded youth of Britain, but who are greatly restrained by their environment—the respect for good conduct, the gentleness and simplicity that distinguished the smaller and plainer "society" of half a century ago have vanished, and left nothing to boast of in their places.—New York Times.

"Beyond the Alps Lies Italy."

A fresh memorial to vanished youth,
The sweet girl graduate, with flower face;
Her eyes so full of trust, her heart of truth,
Looking o'er all the world to find her place.
Her theme holds weighty words and thoughts so staid,
A travesty on life in phrase austere;
But youthful confidence is unafraid.
And gladness vibrates in the tones so clear:
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

The joy of triumph, and of proud applause,
Sweet floral offerings, the music's stir!
Fair, sunny slope of youth! Oh, let us pause,
And linger in this girlhood's glade with her,
Ere yet she climbs those rugged steeps of life,
Where womanhood with all its mystery lies.
Remember, ere you go to meet its strife,
O, maiden innocent, grown strangely wise:
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

The essay soon will yellow grow with time,
The years will string their rosary of tears,
Weary and footsore, we the hills must climb,
And stumble o'er the stones of cares and fears.
The mists of doubt will all the landscape veil,
The summit lies so very far away;
The feet may falter, and the courage fail,
The stern, pale lips will quiver, then, to say:
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

O, when the hands that helped you up the slope
Shall lose the clasp we cannot always keep;
When in the night of pain you upward grope—
Blinded by tears, with lagging footsteps creep;
Then let your girlhood's maxim cheer your heart—
A peal of joy through all life's sad refrain—
Though here we love and lose, and meet and part,
There is a height where pleasure conquers pain—
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"
—Youth's Companion.

For Blade Young Folks.

Face to Face With Death.

The rain coming down in a steady, all-day drizzle, made out of door amusements an impossibility, so a number of childish voices pleaded for "a story, auntie," and seating myself in their midst, with baby Dot, the little four-year-old, in my lap, I began.

Several years ago I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Watt, pastor of a small church in another state, a worthy, earnest Christian man, always seeking to benefit and save any bad character whom he happened to meet. About a mile from town lived a man, Jack Bowen by name, who, to use his own words, had "seen better days," but was now constantly drinking, and could usually be found in a saloon.

Bowen had often taken advantage of the pastor's kindly interest in him, to beg or borrow a little money of him, on one plea or the other, which, of course, he at once spent for rum.

One instance in particular I now recall.

Bowen—called at the pastor's house in the usual ragged and disreputable clothes, with a tuft of iron-grey hair floating from the crown of his torn hat, like a plume, and a shabby piece of crape above the battered rim.

The pastor noticed this unsightly badge of grief, and asked him if he was in trouble. Little Nell (their only child) is dead, he replied, and seemingly overcome with his sorrow, he buried his face in his hands.

Then he asked the pastor to write a paper requesting his congregation to help him in his great need.

The pastor's heart was touched, and giving Bowen a small sum of money, told him to come back in an hour. Pastor Watt then sat down to think what it was best o do, and finally he decided to go to Bowen's house and see what arrangements were to be made for the funeral.

What was his surprise on reaching the tumble-down hut, with poverty and negelct stamped everywhere, to find the sad-faced wife and little Nell both alive and well.

The pastor drove back to town feeling that his advice and labors with Bowen were indeed vain, but a short time afterward an event occurred, which proved to the contrary.

Rev. Watt and his pretty young daughter had been visiting friends in the southern part of the state, and when near home, a sudden crash, and the engine and several coaches were derailed and thrown down an embankment. The engine ploughed into the ground, lay there puffing and steaming like a living thing, with the coaches piled a broken mass near by.

Help was speedily at hand, and among the first to arrive on the scene was Jack Bowen.

Many were rescued, bleeding and dying, from the wreck, when it was discovered that the broken cars were on fire.

When the pastor's daughter was taken out, she cried for some one to save her father, who, as she said, was near the burning timbers. Bowen instantly started, but was held back for "it is sure death," they told him, to venture in there then. But, unheeding, he seized an axe, and started on his labor of love and humanity. And the crowd standing near never expected to see him emerge alive, but presently, at the opening, appeared the blackened, smoke begrimed face of Bowen with the unconscious pastor in his arms, his face covered with his rescuer's old tattered coat.

Willing hands relieved the brave man of his burden, and then attempted to assist Bowen, but it was found that one foot was wedged under a fallen timber.

The fire was getting closer, and the heat and smoke almost unbearable.

With united efforts he was taken out alive, but one foot so badly crushed that it had to be amputated.

When the pastor recovered consciousness and was told the story of the rescue, he pressed the seared hand of Bowen, and tried to thank him in a voice full of emotion, but Bowen only said: "I am glad I did it, parson, and standing face to face with death has taught me a lesson which I shan't forget soon, I'm thinking."

And such was the case, for influential friends who were anxious to assist him in his new life, got him a place where he could earn a good living, and a year after their little home looked prosperous, and Jack Bowen and his wife, with their bright-faced little daughter, are faithful members of Pastor Watt's church.

Not a drop of liquor has passed Jack Bowen's lips since that fearful time when he was face to face with death.—Hazel Brooks.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to the bird tribe, and are a great deal taller than a man. We are a very useful bird, and are hunted for our feathers, which are beautiful and costly. We eat wild melons, seeds of grasses and grain, and nearly all kinds of food. Our eggs are very large, and our nest is only a cavity in the sand. The color of the male is black, and that of the female a grayish brown. The plumes of our wings and tail are white. Now, what is our name and what place do we inhabit?

2.—PRINTER'S PI.

Tlysilne eno yb noe, ni het tinefin saeowdni fo neavhe,
Sosbolmde eth elyove sarts, het sonegortfemt fo teh sagnle.
(Two lines from Longfellow's "Evangeline.")

3.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is a line of 36 letters, from the pen of Edward Young.
My 1, 18, 33, 34, 4, is entire.
My 6, 13, 22, 15, is fanciful.
My 8, 25, 16, is to cut.
My 19, 2, 26, 9, is the stem of a tree.
My 11, 3, 27, 29, 30, is a temporary shelter.
My 24, 12, 23, is the first shoot of a plant.
My 19, 21, 31, 35, is a carriage for the dead.
My 7, 17, 20, 36, is in this manner.
My 10, 34, 35, 15, is a measure.
My 28, 5, 31, is sorrow.
My 14, 5, 20, is a girl's name.
My 32, 2, 6, is to plant.

5.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

L—o—b—f—r—y—u—e—p.
H—l—h—p—y—h—l—e—n—e—t.
H—l—a—o—f—s—e—t—r—h—n—o—r—a—.
T—e—r—o—o—t—e—u—d—n—l—t—e—a—l—s.

4.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

Fancy carries me back to a lovely spring morning, when the birds were singing, and not a cloud was seen, to mar the lovelliness of the pale blue sky. Looking over the mountains into the green valley below, I behold a

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

MRS. HARRISON.

The Services at Washington and at Indianapolis—The Casket and the Floral Tributes to the Beloved Dead.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Harrison took place at the White House this morning. They were beautiful and impressive, but were chiefly characterized by the simplicity which was so dear to her heart. Except the sable rosette of crape at the doorway, there was no sign of mourning about the exterior of the mansion.

Floral Tributes.

The floral tributes to the memory of the dead were very numerous and of rare beauty. At the head of the casket was a large and most beautiful floral crown, made of white carnations, violets and roses, resting upon a base covered with ivy. At the foot had been placed a wreath crowned cross of purple violets, there was also at the head a large wreath of white and pink roses and palm leaves, the tribute of the clerks in the executive office, and at the foot another wreath made up of chrysanthemums, orchids and scarlet roses.

Wreaths and garlands of beautiful and fragrant flowers surrounded the casket on every side in such quantities that it had the appearance of lightly resting upon a mound of blossoms.

Seating Arrangements.

It had been arranged that the first row of seats at the front of the casket should be occupied by the family, the next by the most intimate friends, and the remainder by the employes and servants of the house. The first row on the north was assigned to the Cabinet and Private Secretary Halford, the second to the Supreme court, and the remaining rows to other friends without specification.

The justices of the Supreme court were all present, except Justice Lamar, who was not able to attend on account of ill-health. Just before 10 o'clock Mr. Blaine entered, accompanied by Mrs. Blaine, and his daughter, Harriet, and the ex-secretary was seated beside Gen. Proctor, his old colleague in the Cabinet. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid entered about the same time, and were seated in the same row. Most of the members of the diplomatic corps were also noticed among the early arrivals. At 10 o'clock the seats were all occupied, and the East Room was completely filled, many persons standing along the walls and in the adjacent rooms and corridors.

Choir of St. John's.

In the green room adjoining and opening into the East room were stationed the boys of the choir of St. John's Episcopal church, looking like cherubs disguised in their white rovers. There were fifteen sopranos, including Miss Louise Mosher, five altos, including Miss Ruth Thompson, four tenors, five basses, the preceptor, Wm. H. Daniel, the organist, John Theophic, and assistant, D. B. MacLeod.

The reason for the inclusion of this Episcopal choral music in the simple Presbyterian service is touching. It was a feature in the service at the funeral of Mrs. Tracy (held in the East room about two years ago) and Mrs. Harrison was so much impressed by it and so struck by the beautiful hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," that she caused this hymn to be sung and played at the White House at least once nearly every Sabbath. Because it was so dear to her the hymn was chosen for her funeral service to be sung by the same sweet voices that had first attracted her attention to it.

The Afflicted Family.

The President escorted Mrs. McKee, his only daughter; his son Russell came next with his wife, and the others came in as follows: Rev. Dr. Scott, Mrs. Harrison's venerable father, with Mrs. Dimmick; Mr. J. R. McKee with Mrs. Parker; Lieut. Parker with Mrs. Newcomer, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. L. Findlay, of Baltimore; Private Secretary Halford, Miss Senger, Miss Davis, the nurse; Josephine Kemp, Mrs. Harrison's faithful maid; Marie Kempe, the governess of Mrs. McKee's children, and the servants.

The active pall-bearers, comprising eight of the White House ushers and messengers, ranged themselves in the main hallway, just outside the open doors of the East Room. With the family were seated Rev. Dr. Hamlin, the President's pastor. He advanced, and in a low voice read a few passages from the Scriptures beginning: "In my Father's house," and including several verses from the Psalms. He closed with the Lord's prayer which was repeated with him by almost every person in the room. Then Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the New York avenue Presbyterian church, who was formerly Mrs. Harrison's pastor at Indianapolis, took up the Scriptures, and in a melodious voice read a number of passages from the Old and New Testaments and the Psalms, which had been selected with taste and sensibility to suit the occasion.

As he came to the end the low prelude of the organ was heard, and the swelling voices of the choir chanted the hymn, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say." As the concerted voices sang, the clouds, which had shrouded the sun, rolled away and a flood of light filled the room with a soft radiance.

"Let us pray," said Dr. Hamlin, and all heads were bowed as the pastor lifted up his head in invocation to the Lord. As the pastor said "Amen," once more the other choir was heard, this time singing Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead Kindly Light."

The Hush Was Broken.

The solemn hush that followed was broken by the entrance of the undertaker and his assistant, who removed the floral tributes from the casket. Everybody rose, the body bearers advanced and took their places, Loeffler and Lewis in advance. Preceded by the officiating clergymen and the honorary pall-bearers, the casket, borne by the White House attendants and laden with beautiful wreaths of white roses, narcissus and a leaf of palm, which gently waved and bowed to the soft breezes, emerged through the portals of the President's home, and as it came into view the throngs on Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the mansion stood in mute silence and with uncovered heads.

There was little delay, and immediately the long procession of carriages was moving out of the White House grounds on the way to the station. That reached, the remains were at once removed from the hearse to the compartment car "Ellroy," and at 11:40 o'clock the train began the long journey to Indianapolis.

AT THE INDIANAPOLIS HOME.

The Last Home-Coming of the President's Beloved Wife.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 28.—President Harrison and the grief-stricken members of his personal and official family arrived here this morning for the sad purpose of placing the remains of Mrs. Harrison to eternal rest in the place she lovingly called her home. The elegantly equipped special conveying the party arrived here at 9:30 o'clock, promptly on schedule time, and was greeted by thousands of sympathetic friends and admirers. They occupied all points of vantage along the road, and crowded the station to its utmost capacity.

Soon after the train arrived and in accordance with the request of the President, the casket was opened for a few minutes in order that he, as well as his most immediate kindred, could look for the last time on the features of the lady now stilled in death whom all loved so well.

Her face had a calm, peaceful expression, and she seemed as though merely asleep. It was a sad moment for the President, and he was nearly overcome. Some of the others were so prostrated with grief that it was some minutes before they were able to undergo the trying ordeal of facing the public as they were compelled to do in going to their carriages.

Everything being in readiness, the casket was lifted and slowly and reverently the cortege moved out through the sheds, through the Union station to the carriages in waiting. The casket was borne by John B. Elam, the President's law partner; Judge Woods, Hon. E. B. Martindale, Gen. Lew Wallace, Dr. Allen and T. P. Haughey.

In front of the pall-bearers were Judge Niblack and W. P. Fishback, and in the rear Moses G. McClain and John E. Elder, and then the sorrowing relatives and the President's official family.

Services at the Church.

When the funeral procession arrived at the church a crowd of 5,000 people thronged the sidewalks and pushed into the streets, not boisterously, but with a show of the most intense interest. The police had no difficulty in pushing the crowds back, and the casket was lifted and borne into the church without incident of moment.

The church services were characterized by the greatest simplicity. As the coffin was carried up the aisle and deposited in front of the chancel, the organ pealed forth a soft melody. The choir then sang "Lead, Kindly Light," with beautiful effect, and Dr. Haines offered a short invocation and read a selection from the Scriptures.

The Funeral Sermon.

The funeral sermon was upon the text "Wherefore comfort one another with these words," was as follows: "What a comfort it is in the presence of the sorrow under whose shadow we are gathered, to turn to these oracles of God and hear Him speaking such words of tender consolation and everlasting hope, words that lift our minds above the earth side of this province and give us glimpses of the heavenly realm and of the blessedness upon which the redeemed have entered. We need such comfort, for looked at from our point of view, providence is now and again an insoluble mystery.

"God's ways are not our ways." We cannot understand them. Perhaps we could not understand them if explanations were given. Human intelligence is as yet too immature to take in the reach and scope of God's plans. We are shut up to faith, and faith is the highest exercise of the spirit of man. Faith is, in our weakness and ignorance, resting upon the eternal Father's bosom of wisdon and love. As solid foundations for such faith we have evidence in these scriptures the great facts of a Father's providence and of a redeemer's grace. These are the two key thoughts of the Bible. Divine providence is universal.

Chastenings of Wisdom.

"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." The believers' sorrows are not accidents. They are not judgments. They are chastenings permitted in wisdom and kindness. The Lord rejoiceth over death as well as over life. So to-day in this bereavement we repeat the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away."

"We say the duty of the hour is resignation. But Christian resignation is not mere enforced submission to the inevitable. It is looking up into the face of the wise and loving God and saying, "Father, thy will be done, for Thy will is our well-being."

"The other principal foundation for faith is furnished in the clear sure to sin-stained men of the redeeming grace of our Savior, Jesus Christ, who hath a blessed death and brought life and immortality to life. Death is rightly called the king of terrors. Classic writers confessed having no language adequate to express the dread with which the majority of men referred to it. Over it in the moments of faith we can sing the song of lofty triumph, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." By the grace of the world's Redeemer, sin has been atoned for and death has been changed into a beatitude. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'

Truths of Revelation.

"There, brother men, friends, sorrowing ones, are the royal truths of revelation, a Father's providence over us, a Redeemer's grace with us. I dare not call your minds to lesser truths in the presence of a sorrow so deep and far-reaching. The cloud that is over us is indeed dark, but above it there shines a great light, and through it there gleam the stars of precious memories and unspeakable hopes. A constant follower of God has been called to her reward. Think not of her as dead. Death to God's children is not a wall, but a gateway; the entrance upon a larger, sweeter life, in a higher realm. 'To die is gain.'"

The Return to Washington.

Indianapolis, Oct. 29.—After the interment at Crown Hill cemetery yesterday, the President, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison and Mrs. Dimmick, and other near relatives proceeded to the residence of Mr. R. S. McKee, where they had luncheon, and were visited by a few intimate friends. The members of the Cabinet and their families had luncheon at the Denison house.

The special train bearing the Presidential party left here at 5:30 o'clock on its return to Washington..

Note to the Public.

Just before his departure the President gave the press a note to the public, of which the following is a copy:

"My dear old friends and neighbors:—I cannot leave you without saying that the tender and gracious sympathy which you have to-day shown for me and for my children, and much more, the touching evidence you have given of your love for the dear wife and mother, have deeply moved our hearts.

"We yearn to tarry with you and to rest near the hallowed spot where your loving hands have laid our dead; but the little grandchildren watch in wondering silence for our return and need our care and some public business will not longer wait upon my sorrow. May a gracious God keep and bless you all.

"Most grattfully yours,

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

EXCITEMENT IN COLORADO.

The Fusion Has Stirred Up Things Politeal.

Denver, Oct. 28.—The withdrawal of the Cleveland electors for Colorado, and the endorsement of Weaver by the Democratic central committee, has created great excitement in political circles.

Straight out Democrats are disgusted, and will vote the straight Republican ticket. Tom Patterson, editor of the Rocky Mountain News, who bolted Cleveland after the Chicago convention, declares he will not support the combination, and that it was hatched by Wall street.

The action is bitterly denounced by leading Democrats, and it is not thought that the state can be lost by Republicans. Owing to the new complication, it is conceded by Democrats that Harrison will carry the state. The action of the Democratic committee is termed ill-advised and foolish.

WILL FLY THE AMERICAN FLAG

New Schedule for the Inman Line Arranged.

New York, Oct. 27.—The new schedules for the steamships of the Inman line were arranged yesterday. The change was made necessary by the selection of Southampton as a landing place instead if Liverpool. The City of New York and the City of Paris will be laid up as usual through February at Liverpool, where the necessary repairs will be made.

Early in March they will start from Southampton for America, and from their sterns will wave the Stars and Stripes. They will be the first ship of a regular line to leave Southampton under the American flag. The City of Berlin and the City of Chester will go to Southampton also, and sail to and from that port, but they will fly the English flag.

A CONSPIRACY DISCOVERED

For the Assassination of Hon. Jerry Simpson.

Wichita, Kan., Oct. 25.—Jerry Simpson has learned that a conspiracy to kill him exists, and from now on, he will be accompanied on his tour of the state by a body guard.

Letters have been discovered from which it is learned that a man named Swivell was to do the job for $2,000. Great excitement exists all over Southern Kansas.

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo., and send same to Tanqueray Portrait Society, 241 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. References: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge, all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture Free as per this offer.

MILWAUKEE FIRE.

Thirteen Blocks Burned—A Furious Gale Blowing at the Time—Loss Between Five and Six Million Dollars.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 29.—When the sun came up out of Lake Michigan this morning he shed no light upon the southeastern portion of Milwaukee. There was a brighter light there than he could furnish, and it had been there for ten long hours, and it will be there still when Old Sol has done a good day's work and gone to rest.

Those ten hours were big with the fate of Milwaukee. In them was crowded the destruction of what it will take as many months to rebuild, and much of the work wrought by the flames can never be repaired.

At twenty minutes of 6 o'clock last night an oil barrel exploded from some unknown cause in the store occpied by the Union Oil company, at 275 East Water street, and the fire that ensued swept over thirteen blocks of business and residences; over 300 buildings in all, caused the loss of four lives, and destroyed property valued at $6,000,000.

When the fire broke out in the store of the oil company the majority of the engines of the fire department were at work in other parts of the city, there being at the time no less than three seperate fires burning in different parts of the city. These fires were comparatively insignificant in themselves, but the part they played in the fiery tragedy which has desolated so large a portion of the city, was highly important. The engines were delayed so long by those that it was fully twenty minutes after the first oil barrel had exploded that the first engine came rattling up to the front of the East Water street fore, and it was at least forty-five minutes before the fire was confronted by a force thought to be sufficiently large to hold it in check, to say nothing of subsiding.

Roaring Furnace of Flame.

When the firemen first gazed upon the store of the Union Oil Co. it was a roaring furnace of flames, through which, in rapid succession, could be heard the noise of the exploding oil barrels within. Long tongues of fire were leaping across the street and licking the front of the buildings upon the opposite street. The firemen fought well, however, and within an hour had crowded the fire back and thought the day was their own.

At 6:45 o'clock, however, the roar of another explosion was heard and the fire leaped forth again with a fury beyond what it had shown before. The fiery shafts found their way once more to the east side of East Water street, and from that time on the curtain was fairly up for the tragedy.

Directly opposite the store of the Union Oil Co. was that of Dahmeir & Co., who also carried a large stock of oil and alcohol. There was a frolic for the flames and they roared through the large four-story building with a vigor that defied all efforts to check or control them. Close behind the store of Dahmeir & Co., and almost adjoining it in the rear stood the five story structure occupied by Budd & Kipp, upholsters. The hungry flames reached out for this handsome building as they extended from the rear of Dahmier's, and catching first a huge pile of excelsior in the alley they had the building in their grasp and fanned as they were by the breeze from the southwest, which was blowing at the rate of 40 miles an hour, it was but a few minutes before the store was a mass of flames from cellar to roof.

A Mountain of Fire.

In just five minutes more Jacob Wellar's grocery store on the east side of the bay, directly opposite Budd & Kipp, was in flames. It seemed as if a mountain of fire rolled across the sky. One instant, not a building on the east side of Broadway was in flames and the next the rolling waves of fire swept across the street and descended on the building opposite. Four thousand streams of water could not stay such a conflagration in its march of destruction toward the lake. The walls of the three-story brick building on Broadway, formerly occupied by the Cracker Trust, but then vacant, began to totter, and warning voices urged the crowd back in time. The whole front of the building pitched into the street. A few minutes later the sides fell outward with a crash.

The people who reside in that portion of the town are of the poorer class. There are no fine residences there, and most of the buildings were small one-story, and here and there two-story frame houses.

They were meat for the flames, and it rushed toward them with a velocity which left time to escape with nothing but their lives and what they had upon their backs. After the fire had crossed Broadway, many of the people fled from their houses to look at the beautiful sight of the rolling mountains of flames. These same people never went into their houses again. The fire was upon them before they could do it. Along Jefferson and Jackson streets it blew, filling the street from side to side, and shooting later into alleys in between the houses. In less time than it takes to tell it, the fire had swept down to Buffalo street, and left nothing behind but ashes. Nobody was given a chance to save anything. It was simply look and run, or stay and die.

Stopped at the Lake.

While the fire was creating woe and desolation north as far as Detroit street, one block above Buffalo, it had also begun to eat backward south along East Water street. It did this for two whole squares, and then apparently having the background it wanted, it reached south to the river, and then swept straight eastward for six squares. It only stopped when it reached Lake Michigan, and could go no farther.

When the fire began its backward movement from the place of its origin, it picked up the store of J. P. Kissinger & Co. and the Milwaukee Art Glass works, both of which it had apparently missed. The Wellauer block, six stories in height, was soon in a girdle of flame, with the Milwaukee Chair company, a vacant building owned by the Pfister & Vogel Leather company, and the wholesale grocery store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. A few minutes later the next building to succumb was the National Distilling company, the whisky trust supply of the state, at 790 to 803 Buffalo street.

The Wind Veered.

Suddenly the wind turned around. Where it was northeast when the first alarm rang, it was now almost due south, cutting out a broad avenue of destruction toward the Milwaukee river and Lake Michigan. In its path lay the big freight sheds and the yards of the Chicago & Northwestern road, together with the round house and its valuable contents of rolling stock. The end of the freight shed at the corner of Chicago and Jefferson streets, was the first to ignite, and the flames soon spread all over the yards, burning freight cars and everything before it.

Fifteen long trains of freight cars stood on the Northwestern tracks, when a billow of fire leaped across Van Buren street and touched the south end of the freight house, a million dollars worth of railroad property was doomed. The south end of the freight house was filled with oil. Soon the smell of burning petroleum filled the air and a volley of explosions shook the earth. The low brick freight house stayed the onward sweep of the flame, but only for a moment. Through the square windows the red glow could be seen, and an instant later a shower of burning cinders flowed away toward the lake, covering a thousand freight cars filled with merchandise.

On and on that terrible and resistless wave of fire was sweeping, consuming everything in its path over to Jackson street from Broadway. The fire was now following the south wind along Broadway, down Jefferson street, along Milwaukee street. Along Broadway it swept to the Weisel & Vilter Manufacturing company's plant on Chicago street, and to No. 10 engine house on Broadway. When it reached the Weisel & Vilter plant, the department had prepared an attempt to cut it off with dynamite. Three kegs were exploded in the building, which had been stored there to await the coming of the flames. As the reports followed in quick succession, the cry went up from the thousands who blocked the streets for a radius of a mile, that the gas works had exploded. But the plant was almost entirely saved. Seeing that the fire must surely reach them, the men rapidly forced the air into tanks diluting the gas so that it was weakened beyond the point of possible explosion. Then they let it out sufficiently to sink the tanks below the level, and fled for their lives. As a result of this good management, Milwaukee will have its usual gas supply within a day or two.

Hansen's malt house, within a few rods of the border of Lake Michigan, with an adjoining elevator, made a brilliant display when they caught. The elevator, after smoking from upper windows, [illegible] into flames, and [illegible] lower windows to the top of the high ventilating tower it was all ablaze. As a blast of wind struck it, the flames swept clear across the street, and the malt house proper, with its tall tower, broke out in spots of flickering fire. The elevator was so strongly built that it maintained its form long after the hottest period was passed, and from the lower floors the burning grain poured into the street like the downpour of Niagara.

Then from the windows of the large malt house, and from the eaves, came jets of bright green flame from the heated malt. It was not long before the whole building was ablaze, and the roar was tremendous. The heat was intense within a block of the malt house, and the smaller malt house was thoroughly aflame. It was a close call for the retort house of the gas company, only the most vigorous work of the men with a hydrant hose and buckets of water saving the wooden saloon which adjoins the retort house.

Red Path to the South.

Now, having watched the march of the flames to the north and east, let us see them sweep a red path to the south and east. Across the way from Bub & Kips's was the store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. It caught fire before the department was able to prevent it. Next to Roundy, Peckham & Co.'s, on Buffalo street, was a store belonging to the Pfister estate, and occupied by H. Sheftals & Co., and west of this was the warehouse of the National Distilling company. All three caught fire almost simultaneously, and the alcohol stored up in the National Distilling company's warehouse was responsible for the destruction of almost the entire block on East Water street south of Buffalo. The burning alcohol ran over into the basement under the large block occupied by Leidestorf, setting it all afire.

This building was four stories high. It looked solid and indestructible. The flames gradually worked their way up. Then the corner walls fell. They tottered for a while as if trying to balance themselves, then they bent over and went down covering the whole street from corner to corner with splintered stone and brick. Fortunately the firemen withdrew in time; no one was hurt. From the Leidestorf building the fire spread to buildings south of it. Inbusch Bros., the Mann Brewing company, and Delorme Quentine's soap factory caught fire one after the another. There was a large vacant lot at the corner of Buffalo street and Broadway, north of the fire engine house, but that did not save it. South of the engine house, covering almost the entire south half of the block, was Reideburg & Bodden's vinegar factory, cooperage shops and warehouse. The plant could safely be valued at $600,000. From this factory the flames leaped across Milwaukee street to the Hansen Bros. malt elevator.

All Their Own Way.

The abandoned Johnston Bros. cracker factory, on Broadway, caught fire direct from the Bub & Kip building. The Milwaukee Chair company's works came next, behind it the old furniture factory of Seaman Bros., came down. From this point on the flames had it all their own way. On their way to the lake were wooden dwellings, frame warehouses, freight cars and coaches. For a long time it was believed that Ferneke's store would be saved. The fire department fairly deluged the building with water. Streams were poured on it from every direction, but all in vain; the devouring flames roared madly on, and once having gained a foothold on the building it was a matter of hardly an hour before it was reduced to ashes. But with the Ferneke's building the backbone of the fire was broken, and the lone wall standing grimly at East Water and Erie streets, marks the point where the flames were stayed.

Exciting Scenes.

The scenes along Buffalo street where the fire was just beginning to sweep along that thoroughfare, were exciting in the extreme. The residents came rushing from their houses to gaze upon the mountains of flames which were rolling down upon them, many of them not seeming to think for an instant that the fire would come near them. They had in many instances scarcely time to change their minds on the subject. With the speed of a racehorse the flames came on and the man who had thought his house was safe would catch a glimpse of it wrapped in flames as he fled around the nearest corner, without even having had time to go into the house for a single article.

In one place an old man was seen desperately tugging at some furniture, trying to get it through the front door. A passing fireman hurried to his assistance, but by the time he had reached the doorway the street behind him was filled with fire and both men narrowly escaped through the rear door. In some places people were more fortunate in that they managed to have their household goods consumed upon the sidewalk or in the gutter or in the house. They had managed to get outside only to be forced to drop it and run for their lives. Little children were scudding through the streets carrying all manner of useless things. One little tow-headed tot fled frantically along Buffalo street directly in advance of the approaching fire, which was going 20 feet to her one. Grasped tightly within her tiny fist she held a mama's silk hat. As she fled sobbing and screaming down the street a big policeman made a dash at her and gathering her up ran into an alley.

Five Lives Lost.

It is known that five lives were lost last night and four people were seriously injured. The dead are:

HENRY PEDDENBROCH, fireman, 552 Reed street.

CHARLES STAHL, fireman, 550 South street.

Unknown woman, about 50 years old.

MRS. KALAHAN died from the effects of the shock after being taken to the Third ward schoolhouse.

Henry Peddenbroch and Charles Stahl, the firemen who were killed, met death in the alley in the rear of East Water street, where the walls of the Waiser & Vilter machine shop fell. Both men were at work in the rear of the building, and when the crash came they were buried under the falling walls. Several men were injured, also one member of the life-saving crew.

The injured are: Richard Gardner, machinist, 22 years of age, injured about head and neck, seriously; J. H. Roesch, pattern-maker, 67 years of age, broken leg and injured about the head, serious; Wm. Witte, finisher, about 25 years old, injured about the head and broken leg, serious; Henry Bergenthrall, distiller, aged 45 years, injured about head, serious.

Of the injured Gardner and Witte were struck by flying bricks. The others were hurt in endeavoring to save property. That the loss of life was so small is a matter of congratulation to the police department. Everybody in Milwaukee was at the fire last night and the crowds were something awful to handle. The officers had, moreover, all they cared to do in looking after the people along Buffalo and Milwaukee streets, who were endeavoring to save themselves from the flames. Two or three people fell into the river, but were fished out, having suffered nothing worse than a ducking.

Asked for Outside Aid.

It was shortly after 7 o'clock when the fire had eaten its way beyond Budd & Kipp's big furniture factory that Mayor Somers, of Milwaukee, became convinced that the city authorities and the city fire department were powerless to handle the fire, and that aid must be brought from outside sources. He at once hurried to the telegraph office and sent word to the adjutant general of the state asking for the militia, and messages to Waukesha, Oshkosh, Kenosha, Racine and Chicago, asking for help. Prompt replies were received in every instance that the looked-for aid was coming. At 10 o'clock the Kenosha company was at work on the flames, a company from Racine having preceded it somewhat. Oshkosh and Waukesha came in a little later and the Chicago contingent, consisting of four engines and 40 men, under the command of Marshal Musham, did not arrive until 12:25. It was no fault of theirs, however, that they did not arrive sooner.

Their four steamers were loaded on flat cars at Jefferson and Indiana streets at 9 o'clock within little less than one hour after Chief Sweenie had received Mayor Somer's message, and had been able to issue his orders. A freight train in front of the fire special detained it greatly after leaving Highland Park. The Chicago men were at once sent to the south end of the fire, where the flames had been dancing at their pleasure among the goods and chattels of the Northwestern railway.

ESTIMATED BUSINESS LOSSES.

The Aggregate Almost Six Million Dollars.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 29.—The following is the estimate of the losses on the business houses. The insurance is said to be about one-half of the amount. Budd & Kip, furniture, $300,000; J. E. Patton & Co., oils and paints, $250,000; J. P. Kissenger, wholesale liquors, $75,000; Milwaukee Mirror Works, $50,000; B. L. Eidersdorf, tobacco, $50,000; Roundy, Peckham & Co., wholesale grocers, $300,000; H. Sheftels & Co., wholesale grocers, $200,000; J. Wellauer & Co., wholesale grocers, $200,000; Milwaukee Chair company, $250,000; H. Reidelberg & Co., vinegar works, $200,000; Hansen Malting company, $200,000; Milwaukee gas works, $500,000; Johnson Cracker works, (old) $50,000; Union Oil company, $300,000; Bloches & Co., wines, $50,000; National Distilling company, $50,000; E. H. M. Palhome & Co., drugs, $150,000; Weisel & Viller, machinery, $100,000; Toepofer & Son, machinery, $40,000; Bayley & Sons, machinery, $50,000; Inbusch Bros., wholesale grocers, $250,000; Ferneke & Bro., confectionery, $75,000; Delorme & Quentin, toilet soaps, $35,000; Milwaukee Bag company, $50,000; A. J. Hildbert & Co., flavoring extracts, $40,000; Northwestern freight house, cars and contents, $500,000; Milwaukee, Lake Erie & Western freight house, $50,000; McLandon Hotel, $50,000; Pfufzer & Co., confectionery, $25,000; Sauer & Co., glove manufacturer, $10,000; fifty small business houses, $50,000; 500 dwelling houses, cottages, barns, etc., $500,000; total, $5,825,000.

Several insurance men intimated that the insurance companies would suffer at least $3,000,000 by the fire. Some of the leading ones also estimate that some of the small companies may be badly crippled.

BLAZE AT JACKSON PARK.

Part of Machinery Hall Damaged by Fire.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—The first fire of note in Jackson Park since the World's Fair buildings were begun started last night in the main dome of the large machinery hall. It was caused by live coals from a tinner's furnace, which had been left upon the roof. The heavy wind prevailing blew the coals from the furnace to the roof, and the blaze was started. Several alarms were turned in, and finally a city alarm brought out half of the fire department.

The fire burned for over an hour, but because of the small amount of woodwork on the building the damage was not as it might have been under other circumstances. Owing to the height of the building the pressure was not sufficient to reach the fire, and it was not until the city department reached the scene that the flames were subdued. The wind had been blowing great guns all day, and it was increasing every minute, which caused great apprehension that the fire would be communicated to adjoining buildings, but by the heroic work of the firemen the blaze was confined to the roof of the machinery hall.

KANSAS SURELY REPUBLICAN.

That Party Has Made a Careful Poll of the State.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 31.—There has been a general tightening of the lines by both political parties preparatory to the desperate fight which will be made election day. If either party has made any gains during the past week, it is said by those who claim to know that it is the Republicans. The campaign, from all appearances, has been pressed vigorously, and the leaders declare they will sweep everything.

The fact is that neither the Populists nor Democrats have made a poll of the state. The Republicans have carefully polled every county twice, and in their estimates they say they have given every doubtful vote to the opposition of this class. There are 33,000, and it is safe to say that ten tons of literature have been sent to them. Republicans are offering even bets that they will elect their state, electoral and legislative ticket, and that they will get seven of the eight Congressmen.

People's party leaders insist that they will carry their electoral, state and legislative ticket, and that they will elect five out of eight Congressmen. They deny that there is any appreciable falling off in their vote, and that the Republicans, who are figuring on that, will be sadly disappointed. They claim 45,000 majority for the electoral ticket, 36,000 for the state, and a working majority in both branches of the legislature. Chairman Jones, of the Democratic committee, telegraphed the national committee the vote in Kansas is one no one can certainly predict. The fight, it is believed, will be close, and whichever party wins, it will be a close margin.

BOTH SIDES ARE CLAIMING IT.

But Knute Nelson Will Be Elected in Minnesota.

St. Paul, Oct. 31.—The three party committees in Minnesota have about rounded up their work. During this week there will be the usual number of speeches made, throughout the state, but the committees have sent out their last bunches of literature and arranged for completing the registration in the county on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The indications point to a vote of about 280,000 for the state, against 262,000 in 1888. About 10,000 of the increase will be in the cities of Minneapolis and Duluth and the mining regions of St. Louis county. The Democrats have made a pretty complete poll of the state outside of the large cities, and the Republicans have polled here and there a county. The Populists have made no poll whatever, owing to the lack of funds, and content themselves with the general claim that Donnelly will secure 100,000 votes and be elected governor.

Asked as to the outlook, Chairman Jamison, of the Republican committee, said: "The old-time Republicans are coming back to us in these last days of the campaign, and we shall have safe pluralities on all our candidates. Knute Nelson will be elected governor by a plurality of from 15,000 to 20,000. Five of the Harrison electors will be by 20,000 and the other four by 5,000 to 10,000. The legislature will have a Republican plurality sufficiently large to return Cushman K. Davis to the Senate, and we shall elect every one of the seven Congressmen.

Know all Women

The most thoroughly successful remedy science has ever produced for the cure of all forms of Female Complaints is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*. It has stood the test of many years, and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It will entirely cure Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and check the [illegible] tendency to cancerous humors. There is not a woman living who does not need Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills to cure constipation, biliousness, etc.

Yours truly, Lydia E. Pinkham

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

A CLOSE FIGHT IN TEXAS.

Both Clark and Wyant Stronger Than Hogg.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 31.—One week from to-morrow and one of the hottest gubernatorial fights ever known in Texas will be closed. How the vote will go cannot be accurately stated at present. Clark is strong in both Democratic and Republican ranks. Hogg is only strong with country people. He has few friends in the cities, but the country people in Texas can outvote the cities. Hogg's leaders have an immense force in North Texas that will come in solid phalanxes for Hogg.

Clark leaders give him 75,000 majority, while Hogg men say their man will go in with 100,000. Nugent, the Third party candidate, is stronger than either party anticipates, and will change the result considerably. In the meantime both factions are moving heaven and earth for votes and are betting right and left on the result.

MANLEY ON THE RESULT

Republicans Have 216 Certain Electoral Votes.

New York, Oct. 31.—Joseph H. Manley, member of the executive committee of the Republican national committee, in an interview spoke as follows regarding the electoral vote:

"We can count 216 electoral votes that may be regarded as sure for the Republican ticket. The Democratic managers, on the other hand, cannot safely count more than 143. While we do not indulge in any rainbow chasing, and while we do not include in our 216 sure electoral votes a single vote from the South, there are, outside of West Virginia 22 electoral votes in the South that cannot be given to Mr. Cleveland, except by the grossest and most glaring and outrageous frauds."

"GEN." ADLAI'S ACCEPTANCE.

The Letter at Last Given to the Public.

Charleston, W. V., Oct. 31.—Gen. Stevenson has sent his letter of acceptance to the Democratic national committee. It is rather lengthy and follows Cleveland's letter very closely.

Democrat support will not be given to the Weaver electoral ticket in Nebraska.

A split over the fusion question is likely to occur among straight-out Colorado Democrats.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LOOKED FOR COTTON STRIKE.

Each Side Fixing the Blame on th Other.

London, Oct. 31.—Each side in the cotton dispute is seeking to fix on the other the odium of commencing the threatened war. The masters describe it as a strike, while the operatives declare it will be a lockout. It is a fact that the mayors of Liverpool and Manchester, in their efforts to settle the trouble, took the masters' view of the situation and caused the spinners to snub the efforts to bring about the arbitration of the trouble by the councils of the Master Cotton Spinners' federation and the Amalgamated Society of Cotton Spinners.

The spinners' resolution, warning the mayors not to meddle with the dispute, is best understood by the operatives and employers themselves. The leaders of the society of cotton spinners assert the ability of the union men to hold out for six months, and declare that they will teach the non-union spinners a lesson. It is believed that a cessation of work for six weeks will so reduce the accumulated stocks of manufactured goods that the masters will be willing to reopen their mills at the old rate of wages.

ENGLISH HARD TO PLEASE.

Don't Like Either Cleveland or Harrison.

London, Oct. 31.—The Times to-day publishes a long review of American politics; it says that this country has no reason to be very enthusiastic over either candidate. Mr. Cleveland, while President, distinguished himself by a gratuitous insult to England by demanding the recall of Minister West, and President Harrison has not been behindhand in the same methods of currying favor with the omnipotent Irish vote.

The appointment as minister to Chile of Patrick Egan, whose friendship with Mr. Blaine he lately boasted in public, is enough to indicate the spirit of the administration which selected the financier of the land league outrage campaign for diplomatic promotion.

WOULD BE FOR PROTECTION

Were He An American—What It Has Done for the United States.

London, Oct. 26.—In the columns of Truth Mr. Labouchere expresses himself as thinking that it is doubtful whether many Europeans will visit the Chicago Fair, and that wealthy people of the leisure class will prefer to visit the country when no fair is being held.

He says: "It is certain, however, that at the present moment America is the most prosperous country in the world, despite our assertions that protection is ruinous. If I had been an American myself, I should have advocated protection. 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Protection pudding has provided a more plentiful meal for the Americans than free trade provides for us."

IN A FREE TRADE COUNTRY.

Meetings are Being Held to Discuss Depressing Conditions.

London, Oct. 31.—The Central Chamber of Agriculture will to-morrow discuss the question of holding a conference of delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom to discuss the depression in the agricultural industry. Meetings have been held at Liverpool, Manchester, Northampton, Edinburgh, and other centers, at which in the voting on the question of holding a national conference a wide diversity of views was shown in regard to the means to be adopted to remedy the depression.

The most significant vote was that taken at Northampton, where a motion pledging the delegates to the conference to oppose protection was defeated by only one vote. The delegates were left with a free hand. The Liverpool Farmers' club has resolved to appeal to the landlords, including the Earl of Derby, Lord Salisbury, the Earl of Sefton and the Earl of Lathom, to defer their rent audits until March.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on h

WASHINGTON.

AMERICAN TIN.

Wonderful Increase in Amount of Tin Produced—Benefits of the McKinley Bill Clearly Shown—Astonishing Figures.

Washington, Oct. 28.—A very important special report was made to the secretary of the Treasury by Ira Ayer, special agent of the department, relative to the production of tin and terne plates in the United States during the quarter ending October 1. Mr. Ayer says that during the quarter thirty-two firms produced 10,952,725 pounds of tin and terne plates, against 826,922 pounds produced by five firms during the same quarter last year. The total production for all of last year, moreover, was but 13,646,719 pounds.

Of the total production for the last quarter more than 54 per cent was made from American black plates. About one-third of the whole was in bright tin plates, of which 3,337,036 pounds were of the lighter class of plates mentioned in the McKinley law. Of the 7,000,000 pounds of terne plates 93 per cent belonged to the lighter class. All these figures were sent in by manufacturers and sworn to.

Ratio of Increase.

Says Mr. Ayer: "Compared with the first quarter of the last fiscal year, the number of firms engaged in the manufacture was more than six times as great; the amount of tin and terne made was more than thirteen times as great. The ratio of increase in the proportion of bright tin plates was as 1 to 23, and of terne plates as is 1 to 11. The amount of American sheet iron and steel made into articles and wares tinned or terne coated during the past quarter was, at a moderate estimate, based on the sworn returns of stamping companies and others during the last fiscal year, and such returns received to date for the present quarter, 1,250,000 pounds. This makes the total production of tin and terne plates, within the meaning of the law, 12,202,725 pounds.

"On the basis of this output, the production for the present fiscal year would be about 50,000,000 pounds, but when it is considered that the growth of the industry during the last fiscal year was so rapid as to make the total production of the year more than sixteen times as much as that of the first quarter, it will not be presumptuous to assume that the estimated production of 100,000,000 pounds for the present fiscal year, heretofore made, is now practically assured.

This Years' Products.

Should the same rate of increase continue, it would give a production during the present fiscal year of 175,000,000 pounds, and at an annual rate of production, at the close of the year of more than 400,000,000 pounds, instead of 200,000,000 pounds, as heretofore estimated. It would seem entirely within the range of probability that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, which will be the third year that the law will have been in force, the United States will produce an amount of tin and terne plates equal to its own consumption, nearly all of which will be made from American black plates."

Mr. Ayer says that the Britton Rolling Mill company, of Cleveland, and the Falcon Iron & Nail company, of Niles, O., are pushing the work of construction preparatory to the manufacture of the metal sheets and tin plate. Concerning the price of tin plate, Mr. Ayer says that it was $5.37 1-2 a box on September 30 this year, against $5.45 at the same date last year and $5.50 for the corresponding date in 1890, which was nine months before the McKinley law went into effect. Who pays the tax?

"As to the quality of American black plates and tin plates," says Mr. Ayer, "it seems to be universally conceded that they are equal if not superior to foreign plates."

BLAINE WILL WRITE AGAIN.

His Health Rapidly Improving at Washington.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Ex-Secretary Blaine is likely to employ his leisure time in writing another book. He seems to be enjoying himself much better since his return here as a private citizen than when he was secretary of State. He is out every day in the bracing autumn air, and sometimes two or three times a day.

He nearly always walks, and in the majority of cases goes alone. Sometimes, however, Mrs. Blaine or Miss Hattie go with him, when he keeps his walk within moderate limits. He is doing everything possible, without calling in the doctor, to promote health and strength. Mr. Blaine has been hesitating whether to write a book on the lines of his "Twenty Years in Congress," or to write some personal memoirs.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.

Recommends That Indians be Enlisted in the Army.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The annual report of the adjutant general of the army submitted to the War department, shows that the average number of students over 15 years of age attending the several universities and colleges is 18,884, an increase of 2,707 over the number reported last year, and over 6,000 more than the number reported for the scholastic year 1889-90.

The division of Military Information, created in the adjutant general's office in 1886, and reorganized by the orders of the secretary of War on March 15 last, the report says, may be regarded as performing one of the most important duties entrusted by the secretary of War to the adjutant general's office.

Gen. Williams recommends that the annual appropriation for 2,700 National Guard be increased from $400,000 to $1,000,000. Speaking of the question of the advisability of enlisting Indians in the army, the report states it has been confirmed by the experience of the past year.

THE GOVERNOR OF UTAH

Asserts That no More Polygamous Marriages Are Being Made.

Washington, Oct. 26.—Governor Thomas, governor of Utah, in his report to the secretary of the Interior, says that polygamy in the territory is on the decline. He says that he does not believe that any polygamous marriages have taken place during the year with the consent or permission of the Mormon leaders, and it is his conviction that there is a sincere intention on the part of Mormon people not to approve or sanction polygamous marriages in the future.

CHIEF OF ORDNANCE'S REPORT.

Last Year's Appropriation Cut Entirely Too Low.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Gen. Flagler, chief of ordnance, has submitted to the war department his annual report of the operations of his bureau during the year. He calls attention to the inadequacy of the general appropriation for arming and equipping the militia, which, at the last session of Congress, was still further reduced.

The highly improved arms of the present day cost more than three times as much as arms cost in 1808, when the appropriation was $280,000. Last session this amount which has been annually appropriated for 80 years was cut down to $175,000, an amount entirely too small to meet the demands made by the states for allotments.

Cincinnati Statistics.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 27.—Under the Republican and American policy of protection Cincinnati has made great strides in ten years as an industrial and commercial center. The industries have increased from 173 to 218; the manufacturing establishments rfom 3,275 to 7,684; the capital invested from $50,553,100 to $89,886,766; the hands employed from 54,517 to 80,528; the wages paid from $19,553,620 a year to $43,934,384. The average wages per hand per year in 1880 was $359. In 1890 it was $496, being a gain of more than 38 per cent.

The New Olympia.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The new protected cruiser Olympia, which will be launched at San Francisco, November 5, will be christened by Miss Anna Belle Dickie, daughter of George W. Dickie, of San Francisco. The Olympia will make the fifth ship built on the Pacific coast for the new navy.

The bureau of American republics has been officially informed of the inauguration at San Salvador, the capital of the republic of Salvador in Central America, of a mint recently ordered to be established there.

GENERAL NEWS.

WITTENBERG.

The Rededication of Martin Luther's Famous Church—The Exercises of Interest—The Kaiser There.

Wittenburg, Oct. 31.—This old town of pointed gables, quaint towers and narrow streets, to-day presents an unique aspect. Everywhere bright banners and floral festoons are seen, and the whole town bears a holiday appearance.

A great pavilion has been built in front of the Schlosskirche doors, where the Emperor will receive the keys of the edifice. This church was commenced in 1439 and finished in 1497. In 1760

MARTIN LUTHER.

it was seriously injured by bombardment, and it suffered in the same manner in 1813-14. It was first restored in 1814-1817, and has now, owing to Emperor William's generosity, been again restored. On the north side of the church were the wooden doors to which Luther affixed his theses. These doors were burned in 1760, but were replaced in 1857 by metal doors, ten feet in height, presented by Frederick William IV. They bear the original Latin text of Luther's theses.

Representation of Christ.

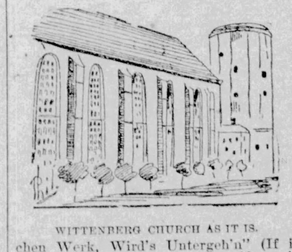
Above, on a golden ground, is a representation of Christ, with Luther and Melanchthon at his feet; on the right and left above the doors, are statues of the electors, Frederick the Wise and John the Constant. The bodies of these electors are buried in the church. Everywhere in the town are evidences of the great Reformer. Not far from

LUTHER'S HOUSE.

the railway station, outside the Elster Thor, stands an oak that was planted in 1830. This tree is said to mark the spot where Luther publicly burned the Papal bull on December 10, 1520. This spot is said to have been selected for the purpose by Luther because here were buried the clothing of those who had died from the plague. In the Collegeien strasse is the Augusteum, in the court of which stands Luther's house. The first floor is fitted up as a Luther-halle, and contains many articles that belonged to Luther. In the vestibule are a number of paintings, representing the scenes in Luther's life.

Statue of Luther.

In the market place stands a statue of Luther under a gothic canopy. The base bears the inscription, "Ist's Gottes Werk so Wird's Bestch'n; Ist's Men-



WITTENBERG CHURCH AS IT IS.

chen Werk, Wird's Untergeh'n" (If it be God's work it will endure; if man's work, it will perish). Under a brazen slab in the Schlosskirche lie the remains of Luther.

Immense crowds of people from all parts of the country are in the town to witness the ceremony of the re-dedication of the restored church.

Wittenberg is the very hub from which the spokes of German Protestantism radiated in the stormy days when that brawny breaker and builder was doing his work in the world. And this royal gathering, this gathering of Protestantism triumphant, is strongly suggestive of another coming together of royalties in the days of Protestantism militant—that momentous diet of Worms, when the young emperor Charles V., the princes and nobles of the empire, the dignitaries of the church and an immense concourse of spectators—some sympathetic, some hostile—had gathered to hear Luther recant his heretical doctrines and his defiances of the church.

It was over this same threshold that Luther, on October 31, 1517, nailed his 95 Latin theses against the sale of indulgences. He inclosed a copy of them to the archbishop of Madgeburg, beseeching that prelate to put a stop to Tetzel's scandalous practices. These theses, although submitting the entire controversy to the decision of the Pope, contained, nevertheless, the germ of the Protestant doctrines. They spread with the velocity of lightning through the press, now for the first time turned to account in a popular agitation, and kindled a fire throughout the Catholic world of Europe. A sharp controversy followed; the attempts of ecclesiastical diplomacy to compromise the difficulty through Cajetan and Militz failed; the Leipsic disputation between Eck on the one hand and Carlstadt and Luther on the other upon rekindled the fire and widened the breach. Luther hurled several violent pamphlets against Rome, especially his address to the German nobility, and henceforth he hated and abhorred the whole system of Roman Catholicism, which he declared to be an anti-Christian despotism that held the church of God in captivity and obstructed the access of the believer to Christ.

Thus he was led, step by step, to a complete emancipation from the system in which he was educated. Leo X. was disposed at first to treat the whole controversy lightly as a mere monkish quarrel between the Augustinians and Dominicans, but he felt himself at last compelled to issue a bull against Luther, the terms of which he was to suffer excommunication unless he recanted within a hundred days.

Liquor at the World's Fair.

Chicago, Oct. 27.—Liquors will be sold in Jackson Park during the World's Fair. After a long discussion the national commission, both a majority of it would not interfere with contracts made by the Chicago directors for the sale of light beverages and stimulants.

Apportionment Bill Passed.

Madison, Wis., Oct. 27.—The apportionment bill, as adopted by the Democratic caucus, with a single exception, passed both houses last evening, all Democrats voting for it, except Senator Kruger and Assemblyman Neal Brown.

Fusion Arranged For.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 1.—The fusion between the People's party and Republicans in this state for Presidential electors and Congressmen has been completed.

VERY SENSATIONAL FAILURE.

London and General Bank Disaster—Details Becoming Known.

London, Nov. 1.—The collapse of the Liberator Building society simultaneously with the downfall of the London & General bank yesterday proves one of the largest financial sensations of the generation. Rumors as to the great extent of the disaster have been current since the double failure was announced in September last, but the figures presented at a meeting of the shareholders and creditors of the Liberator society are astounding, even to those who have freely predicted that the wreck would be one of the worst known in the history or such affairs.

The official receiver said at the meeting that the society owed the shareholders and creditors £3,313,000, while the reserve fund was only £90,000, and was little better than a book entry at that. The mortgages amounted to £3,423,000, and were at first supposed to be good assets, but investigation had shown that they were probably valueless, as £3,188,286 had been lent to three companies which are in liquidation. There were virtually no free assets, there being only £50,000 in sight with which to meet a deficiency of £3,000,000. The bulk of the money had been lent upon nothing better than third liens. It was absurd to talk about possible reconstruction of the society, for there was nothing to reconstruct.

AN INDIAN OUTBREAK FEARED.

White River Utes and Uncompahgres Uneasy.

Washington, Nov. 1.—The officials of the Indian bureau have not, as yet, received any information regarding the threatened outbreak of the White River Utes in Utah as telegraphed from Mecker, Colo. The White rivers and their neighbors, the Uncompahgres are regarded by the department as the most uncivilized and dangerous bands of Indians with which they have to deal and for many years past it has been thought best to keep a force of United States troops at Fort Duchesne, which is on the Uncompahgre reservation and within easy reach, to protect the settlers in case of an uprising.

These bands have committed the most atrocious crimes known in Indian history, and their record from the earliest times has been one of treachery, insubordination and bitter protests against restraining authority. They were the leading and conspicuous actors in the Meeker and Thornburg massacres in 1879, where the most revolting cruelties were inflicted on their victims. In view of the present disturbed condition of affairs on these reservations, it is believed that the order issued some time ago by the War department abandoning Fort Duchesne and removing the troops therefrom will be rescinded at least for the present.

The resignation of Agent Waugh and subordinates because of the order removing the troops have not been received in Washington.

OLD GLORY IS EVERYWHERE.

Why Should There Be Confederate Flags Displayed?

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 1.—Charleston's gala week was opened with ringing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the bells of St. Michael's church. All the shipping in the port was handsomely decorated, and the stars and stripes floated from every mast. The principal business streets were profusely decorated with bunting and the flags of all nations, but "Old Glory" had the place of honor in every display. The national flag floated over the City Hall, all public buildings, at the News and Courier office, and on many private residences. There is not a single Confederate flag in sight.

The people feel that the war is over, and this celebration was designed to be an everlasting memorial of the gratitude of this city for the assistance of nations in the time of its distress. Commander Brownson, of the Dolphin, and Lieut. Schroder, of the Vesuvius, called at the City Hall and paid their respects to Mayor Fricken. They were cordially received, and were extended the freedom of the city. At 1 o'clock the officers of the Dolphin and Vesuvius were entertained at a dainty lunch by the Gala Week association at St. Charles hotel.

IN LEIF ERIKSEN'S HONOR.

Norwegians Have a Big Time at Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—While all the rest of the world has been celebrating the achievements of Columbus, the Norwegians of Chicago have been quietly making preparations to honor the memory of their countryman, Leif Eriksen, who they claim was the real discoverer of the new world in the year 1000. Several thousand Norwegians crowded into Scandia hall to listen to song and story and eulogy of their countryman. Many stores and dwellings in the neighborhood were decorated in Leif's honor.

A procession of Scandinavian societies preceded the meeting. R. B. A. Anderson, ex-United States minister to Denmark delivered the chief oration. Consul Peter Svanoe and Prof. Gustav Storm, of Christiana, also spoke. Last night there was another celebration, a grand eating festival in memory of Eriksen's legendary vineland. Members of the association, which is having a $3,000 painting of Eriksen made for the World's Fair, were present.

LIKELY TO BE TROUBLE AGAIN.

A Complication Exists in Oregon This Year.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 31.—The coming election gives promise of bringing the state of Oregon into national prominence, as in 1876. In obedience to instructions from the national Democratic committee, the Democrats have withdrawn one of their electors, and substituted one of the People's party electors in his stead.

Republican county clerks have grouped Pierce, the candidate in question, only with the People's party nominees, followed by the words, "People's-Democratic." If Pierce fails of election the Democrats will contest, and if he succeeds the Republicans will contest, on the ground that the election law provides that the name of nominees shall appear on the ballot in but one place, whereas in the Democratic and People's county tickets it appears twice.

FRANKLIN'S VESSELS FOUND.

The Fact Just Confessed by an Aged Indian.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 27.—The Rev. E. R. Young, a Methodist missionary in the far north for many years, states that he was sent for by an aged dying Indian some time ago, who confessed before his death that he accompanied one of the Sir John Franklin relief expeditions to the northern seas. Supplies became very low and there was danger of starvation. Before deciding to return the commander sent this Indian and another across an island to look on the other side. They crossed and discovered in the distance three masts rising out of the ice.

They were nearly exhausted, and knowing that if they told the commander of their discovery he would go to the place, they decided that it would be better not to tell him, for they feared starvation of the entire party in the event of delay. Accordingly they returned and reported having found nothing. The next day the expedition started on its return. The Indians were certain the masts belonged to one of Franklin's vessels.

NO LONGER ANY DOUBT.

Republicans Certain of Harrison's Election.

Washington, Oct. 31.—(Special.)—Reports received from final registration in New York cause Republicans at the capital to start into the last full week of the campaign with great confidence in the success of Harrison and Reid.

Indeed they now feel that New York is sure for the Republican ticket and that there is no longer any doubt of Harrison's election.

Remarkable Meteor.

Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 28.—A remarkable meteor passed over Birmingham last night from northeast to southwest. It was intesely bright and seemingly about three feet wide. The track it left was serpentine in shape, and remained bright for fully five minutes. At the spot where it disappeared in the southwest, a bright line in the shape of the letter "L" remained for several minutes.

Prof. William Swinton, late of the California State University, died suddenly at New York.

WHO WILL WIN?

New York the Center of Attraction—The Situation Narrows Down to Five Close States—Indiana All Right.

New York, Oct. 31.—(Special.)—At this distance from the election it may be interesting to take a look over the field. First, as to the general sections of the country. The Democratic rainbow in the West has about as thoroughly disappeared as has the Republican rainbow in the South. Party lines are being drawn more sharply as election time approaches. There seems to be no probability that any of the Western states which have formerly been safely Republican will fail to give this electoral vote to Harrison, unless it be Nevada. There is an impression that Nevada will give its electoral vote to Weaver. There is also an impression that this is the only state that Weaver will carry.

The Democrats do not give up hope entirely of seeing Nebraska support the third party candidates, but Republican advices indicate that the third party ranks in Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas are rapidly disintegrating. The experience in former elections has been that the third party did not get more than a small fraction of the vote which it claimed that it would get.

As to Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, where Dickinson's rainbow was such a prominent feature a few weeks ago, nobody has any expectation now of Democratic success in those states. In Michigan the Democrats will get three and perhaps five electors. This seems to be the situation as to the West.

The South Will Be Solid.

In the South the indications are that the Democrats will carry everything, except West Virginia. The average reader is probably tired of hearing that "West Virginia is going Republican this time," because he has heard it every year and particularly in every Presidential election for a long time. The Democratic plurality in that state has been gradually growing less ever since 1876. At that time it was but 12,000; in 1880 it was but 11,000; in 1884 it was but a trifle over 4,000, and in 1888 it was only 552 votes.

It is known that there were in the state four years ago a couple of thousand Republicans who were not, to use the words of a distinguished politician, "ripe." They had not been long enough residents of the state to be voters; this time they will vote. There has been added to the voting population of the state in the last two or three years a couple of thousand or more workingmen employed in the railroads and in the mines, and at the coke ovens, and it is believed that a very large proportion of them will vote with the Republicans.

Republicans Not Hopeless.

As to Alabama and North Carolina, the Republicans are not absolutely hopeless, but there seems little probability that the counting will give them either of these states. It is not improbable that if they could get a fair count that the states might be carried against the Democrats, but there is little hope of the counting machinery permitting such a result.

The situation then narows down to five close states—West Virginia, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York and Indiana. West Virginia has already been mentioned. In New Jersey the Republicans have gained a good deal of strength in the last few weeks. Early in the campaign it was considered improbable that they could carry that state. Indeed, there was little hope expressed, or little expectation that it could possibly be other than Democratic. But recent reports from all over the state give the Republicans strong hopes of success.

As to Connecticut, the Republicans are quite confident of success in that state. The Democratic plurality in that state four years ago was but 356 votes. Eight years ago the Democratic plurality was 1,284. There is reason to believe that this plurality of four years ago will be much more than overcome this time. The manufacturers and their employes are not pleased with the free trade proposition, and are thoroughly disgusted with the proposition for the return to wild cat money. So the Republicans are extremely hopeful as to that state.

As to Indiana, the situation is undoubtedly close there, but the Republicans hear of no losses, and so they have no reason to believe that Indiana will give a majority against her son.

Center of Attraction.

New York is, of course, the center of attention. The Democrats claim to be confident in regard to this state, but the registration does not bear out their claims. Although there has been increased registrations in New York and Brooklyn, those who have figured closely upon it show that it is not more than would naturally be expected in the growth of those cities. Indeed, it is claimed, that the increase is below that which should be expected from the normal growth, and that the increase has been greater with Republican than with the Democrats in the interior of the state.

This gives the Republicans great reason for confidence. The reports of the registration from the interior of the state show remarkable increases, and as the interior of the state is the section which always rolls up the big Republican majority, they are very hopeful. The farmer vote has got pretty thoroughly stirred up, particularly over the wild cat money proposition of the Democrats, and the Republicans are quite as confident as are the Democrats.

The one reason which gives great cause for confidence in regard to Republican success is the fact that they can win the fight by carrying one of four or five very close states, while the Democrats to win must carry all of them.

LAWLESSNESS INCREASING.

Homestead People Attacked by Strikers.

Homestead, Pa., Oct. 27.—The reign of lawlessness is increasing. Last night about 8:30 o'clock two non-union men, D. W. Fyock and John Homer, were attacked on Dickson street by a body of strikers. Fyock, who was knocked down, drew his revolver and fired at his assailants, the bullet striking a boy named Mark in the leg, causing a painful wound. Fyock was arrested and is now in jail. The boy's people say that the situation has assumed a serious aspect, and unless Sheriff McCleary sends enough deputies to preserve the peace, steps of some kind will be taken by the citizens to save the town from the lawless element.

Thomas J. Crawford, president of the advisory board, and also other members of the board, have been using extra efforts to find out who are engaged in the many lawless acts, and it resulted last night in the residence of Mr. Crawford being stoned, and his wife badly frightened. Frank Milliken, who drives wagon for Schuchman & Co., was waylaid on Eighth avenue about 11 o'clock last night, and his face was badly disfigured for the present. He failed to recognize his assailants in the dark. Mr. Milliken has been moving non-union men to different parts of the town, which was doubtless the cause of the beating he received.

A PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN.

Is What Cleveland is Dubbed by Cockerill.

New York, Oct. 28.—Col. John A. Cockerill addressed a Republican meeting in the Harlem district, last night. Among other things he said: "I was born in Ohio in sight of a state where slaves were held in bondage. Remembering the bloodhounds and the lashing of the poor blacks, it is no wonder that I have become a Republican. True, I have worked hard for the Democratic party, but my efforts were all made to reform it, but I found I might just as well try to change the spots on the Tammany tiger. I finally became an independent in politics, and continued my efforts toward reforming the Democratic party." Col. Cockerill characterized Grover Cleveland as the only professional politician in the country.

Oil Discovered.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 28.—Great excitement prevails at Catawissa, a small town 40 miles from here, along the line of the D., L. & W. road. It has been made known that oil has been found on the land of William John, a farmer, and hundreds flocked to the scene and found the report was true. Several bucketfuls were pumped out from a depth of 200 feet, and it was pronounced to be an A No. 1 product. The farmers in the vicinity are very much excited, and the price of land is going up rapidly.

Iowa Democrats will not fuse with the People's party.

A STRANGE STORY.

How Frank Carmaux Lost His Life—Struck by One Train and Caught in Mid-Air by Another.

Pittsburg, Nov. 1.—Death acted as a lookout for the cannonball express last night. For four miles a corpse stood upright on the pilot of the engine, the dead man's eyes staring glassily but steadfastly at the tracks ahead. One arm was raised as if to ward off any danger

to the train and its freight of living humanity.

This man was Frank Carmaux, of Sheridan, out the Panhandle road. He was snatched from his friends so quickly that they did not know where he had gone. An old hat was the only thing left behind. Carmaux was a teamster and was engaged about the depot hauling potatoes. The work was being done for Station Master Stevenson, and he and his little son were with Carmaux. There are two tracks at Sheridan and between the two is a platform. It was on this place the trio were. Carmaux was working with one of those hand trucks common about depots. He was wheeling this truck when the Washington accommodation going West came along. Its engine struck the truck, twisting it around and throwing Carmaux over onto the East-bound track.

Caught by the Cannonball.

It was dark and no one thought of the cannonball express, which is due in Pittsburg at 6:20. It was running on time last night, and just as Carmaux was tossed by one train the other caught him. He had never touched ground, but as he was thrown in front of the cannonball his body was impaled on the right air tube. This was peculiar. The two tubes put out very far. About a foot apart and why the body should pass the first and stick on the second is a miracle. At all events it did, the short pipe passing through the body near the middle. Carmaux was pinioned tightly. He was apparently standing upright with the left hand lifted to his head, while the right arm hung at his side. His eyes were bulged out and his gaze was straight ahead. One foot was down on the tracks and it dragged the whole distance.

Snatched as he was from the side of Mr. Stevenson, that gentleman was dazed. Recovering his senses he ran into the station and wired Tempsonceville, but before the message reached there the train had gone by like a flash. The express thundered on, traveling almost a mile a minute.

Lookout of Death.

In a little over five minutes after it left Sheridan, the Birmingham station was passed. As the train rushed through, the stationmaster saw the man standing on the pilot. He flashed the word to Fourth avenue, and in just six minutes after the train left Sheridan it was brought to a standstill. The engineer was told of the passenger he was carrying. Soon a large crowd was gathered around the engine. Carmaux was cold in death with both legs crushed.

The engineer and train crew tried to remove the body, but it was pinioned so tightly they could not loosen it. The train was started toward the Union depot with its human freight. Through the long tunnel and down into the yards of the brilliantly lighted depot, the train rushed. The station was crowded with people and train hands. As the electric light flashed on the pilot of the cannonball express an awful sight was revealed to the men about the station. It was appalling—Carmaux's mouth was wide open, his eyes bulged out and his face was a sickening expression. Never before had anything like this been seen, and the spectators grew sick and turned away. All evening the trainmen who saw the spectacle were nervous and faint. The body was removed and taken to the morgue, where it was viewed by many people during the evening.

His Nerve Shaken.

At Sheridan an awful ordeal was being gone through by the engineer of the Washington accommodation. He had seen his engine strike Carmaux, and as soon as possible had stopped it. He ran back to where the accident had occurred, but there was not the vestige of the man there. The passengers had by this time become excited and they alighted, joining in the search. The tracks were examined for quite a distance, but nothing was found. The engineer was then almost frantic. He commenced to think that the whole thing was an illusion, and he was losing his mind. This so shattered his nerves that the train could not be started for some time. Finally he pulled out, firmly believing that he had not struck Carmaux.

PROSPEROUS COTTON TRADE.

Big Dividends Despite an Increase in Wages of 33 Per Cent.

Fall River, Mass., Oct. 29.—A year has made a great change in the condition and prospects of the cotton trade as shown by the quarterly return from local mills given out. It was expected that a reduction in wages of 10 per cent would be made on October 5, 1891. The reports show the most extraordinary mill earnings ever published, despite the fact that the mills have been running 58 hours per week instead of 60, and paying an advance of 3 1-3 per cent in wages. Twenty-eight corporations operating 49 mills capatalized at $15,778,000, have paid out in dividends $368,180, or a little more than 2.33 per cent. In the corresponding quarter of last year 24 corporations, operating 41 mills, paid an average of only 1.72 per cent, and there are yet some prosperous corporations to pay this quarter, the American linen, the Richard Borden, and the Troy mills being the more noticeable. These dividends represent only the comparative prosperity of the mills, as much of the earnings are being turned into a depreciation for a surplus fund.

Nearly all of the mills have expended considerable sums on improvements, and few of them have burdensome debts. The Fall River Cotton Works company, whose earnings are private, have about completed the erection of a 70,000 spindle print mill, and the Durfee mills, another private corporation, has about decided to enlarge its already handsome plant. The Granite mills will soon erect mill No. 3, and the Union mills have a surplus large enough to equip a good sized mill.

News Items.

The governor of Wisconsin signed the apportionment act, and the special session of the legislature adjourned sine die.

Senator Jones and Mr. Cannon, American delegates to the International Monetary conference, will sail for Europe on the steamer City of New York, which leaves New York on the 9th prox.

In the municipal election at Newport, R. I., Horton, Republican, was elected mayor over Honey, Democrat, and the present incumbent, by a majority of 46 in a total vote of 3,750. The Republicans also elected three out of five aldermen, and ten out of fifteen councilmen, thus giving them control of both branches of the council.

The Atlas Steamship company, which has so long held a practical monopoly on the commerce of the western part of the Spanish main, will now have to compete with another line. Complaints of shipping people on the length of time it took the vessels of the Atlas line to make the trip was what led to the organization of a competing line. It will be known as the Columbia Commercial Steamship Co.

THE IAMS CASE ON TRIAL.

The Court Refused to Allow a Motion to Quash.

Pittsburg, Oct. 27.—The case of the Commonwealth against Col. Alex. L. Hawkins, Lieut. Col. J. B. R. Streator and Surgeon W. S. Grim, of the Tenth regiment, National Guard, of Pennsylvania, was called in Criminal court at 11:30 o'clock this morning. Judge Porter presided and Judges McClung and Ewing sat on the bench with him. This is the famous Iams case. On the day H. C. Frick was shot Private Iams, of the Tenth regiment, stationed at Homestead, came out of his tent and gave three cheers "for the man who shot Frick." His remark was overheard by Lieut. Col. Streator and for the offence Iams was first tied up by the thumbs and then his head was shaved, he was drummed out of camp. He then preferred charges against the officers of the regiment for assault and battery and aggravated assault.

When the case was called this morning the court room was crowded with military officers. The prosecution was represented by F. P. Iams, an uncle of the plaintiff and J. P. Watson and the defendants by Edward Roberts, J. M. Buchanan, A. S. Sprowls and J. M. Braden. Young Iams was present and showed no ill effects of his treatment, his hair having grown long again. Attorney Sprowls made a motion to quash the indictments, claiming that under the act of April 13, 1887, providing for a tribunal of the national guard, the court had no jurisdiction. Judge Porter decided to hear the testimony and reserve his decision on the question of quashing the indictments.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

This year is remarkable as being the only Presidential year for a generation in which political excitement has not put a paralysis upon business. Nothing of the kind is observable this year. On the contrary, general business is active, manufacturers are fully occupied, all departments are fairly profitable, consumption in some cases being ahead of production. This is to be attributed to the fact that the business men of the country, especially in the manufacturing centers, read the signs of the times to mean that the Democratic free trade effort will fail, and that the economic system of the country will not be torn up by efforts to realize British free trade conditions. It is true that financial interests, during the past week in New York, have become a little more conservative, showing an evident disinclination to engage in fresh enterprises. In a week more the problem will be solved, and this restraint will be removed.

There seems to have been a less active call from the interior for currency last week, while also the high rates ruling at New York drew more money to that center. Money on call, representing bankers' balances, loaned at 7 to 3 per cent, averaging about 5 1-2. Time money was in good supply and the offerings increasing. The demand is fair but objection is made by borrowers to the ruling rates, which are 5 per cent for thirty days and 6 per cent for all dates beyond that period. Foreign exchange was active and lower last week, influenced by offerings of commercial bills against cotton and breadstuffs and by a few loan drafts.

The most notable occurrence of the week has been the culmination of the rapid marketing of produce in a grain blockade. An evidence of the eagerness of farmers to hasten forward their crops has been the almost constant complaint of a lack of cars which has come from the Northwest; there were too few cars because more grain was moving than ever before—more even than last year when crops were so exceptionally large. At length, however, it seems that the elevators are nearly filled and the announcement came from Chicago that were in the yards of that city thousands of cars loaded with grain and small place to store it. The same condition was reported at all other grain points. A brisk export demand started in Saturday, and the blockade will soon be over, if farmers do not continue rushing grain to market regardless of price. Since July 1 there have been marketed at the nine primary points over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, more than 20,000,000 in excess of the heavy receipts last year, and nobody can tell whether the farmers have done marketing or not. A great deal of the wheat which has come in is of the old crop, held back last year on the "hold-your-wheat" mandate.

The stock market is healthy in tone, but without any special element of speculation. Many factors in the condition of business at large are favorable to a higher range of prices, which had been very generally expected to appear at this stage of the season; but counter factors have appeared which are holding speculative tendencies in check for the time being. There is, however, a very healthy demand for railroad mortgages and prime dividend paying shares, and that fact encourages the "bull" owners of stocks to stick to their holdings.

In the silver market, a slight increase of the supply, and the end of the government purchases for October being completed, gave a weaker tone. The foreign demand was also somewhat restricted. These things caused a slight decline in price, and bar silver closed in New York at 85 1-4 cents per ounce, at which rate the bullion in the standard dollar is worth 65.9 cents.

CAR FAMINE IN THE WEST.

Buyers in Many Cases Have Quit Taking Grain From Farmers.

Sioux City, Iowa, Oct. 26.—The grain blockade and car famine which the railroads of Iowa, the Dakotas and Nebraska have been taking every precaution to prevent, has set in. Since the blockade a year ago the roads have been making every effort to prevent a repetition of it this fall. New equipment, sidings, and grain sheds have been put in, and the effect of these have been to delay the blockade which has fairly begun. In Northwest Iowa, South Dakota and Nebraska the roads are unable to handle any grain at all, and most of the lines are refusing to take grain.

The hollow of grain since the roads became swamped has filled elevators everywhere, and all sorts of buildings are being used temporarily for grain warehouses. On ninety miles of the track of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul in South Dakota 327 cars were standing on side tracks Saturday night, and can not be moved for want of motive power. The same night 110 cars came into Aberdeen from the Jim River line, and this completed the demoralization. Other lines are in little better shape. In many cases buyers have quit taking grain from farmers.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Nov. 2, 1892.

The following shows changes in Government Bonds during the past week:

U. S. 4s coupon	114¾	114¾
U. S. 4s registered	114¾	114¾
U. S. 2s registered	100*	100½
Pacific 6s of 1895	107½	107½

*Ex-int.

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

This forenoon Liverpool wheat futures were 1-4d lower for March and April. Corn firm and 1-2d higher. English country markets slow. In American markets there were slight fluctuations in wheat, but prices were but little changed. Corn was strong on fair purchases.

At Chicago December wheat opened at 72 1-8c, rose to 72 3-8c, then stood at 72 1-8@72 1-4c, 1-8c under yesterday; at Toledo it opened at 72 3-8c, fell to 72c, then rose to 72 1-2c, 1-4c down, and at St. Louis it opened at 69 5-8c, fell to 68 1-2c, then noted 69 5-8c, no change.

Corn for December delivery opened at 42 1-4c, fell to 41 3-4c, then rose to 42c.

Close To-day.

This afternoon wheat was dull and close fractionally under the highest point. Corn dull, steadier.

At Chicago December wheat closed ⅜c below top prices, at 72c; at Toledo it closed at best price, 72½c, nominal, and at St. Louis it closed ⅝c under best figures, at 67⅝c.

At Chicago December corn closed ⅛c under top price, at 42c.

The Russian crop is officially estimated in millions, namely: Wheat, 247; rye, 679; barley, 144; oats, 495; corn, 22.

Stocks of wheat in private elevators at Minneapolis, 1,446,000 bushels, a gain over last Monday of 123,000 bushels. This makes the total elevator stock of Minneapolis 6,468,805 bushels, or a gain of 963,476 bushels for the week. The aggregate stock at Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior is 11,947,963 bushels, an increase over a week ago of 1,433,150 bushels. A year ago the total stock at these places was 9,360,000 bushels.

Chicago Tid-Bits.

Chicago, Nov. 1.—(Special from Wright & Haughey):—Wheat. It has been a dull dragging market, very little outside business, and local traders not disposed to do much. The general rains have greatly improved the outlook for the crop. The Russian official crop report showing a larger yield of wheat and rye than in any one of the past three years was a surprise but the feeling is so apathetic that it seemed to have little effect. The covering of December wheat still goes on, keeping the price of that month firm, while in New York it has fallen so heavily that the difference between the two markets is but 3%, which offers no encouragement to holders of December here. Receipts still large, and other countries apparently shipping quite freely, as the amount of ocean passage increased over a million bushel for the week following the previous week's increase of over two million. The situation indicates lower prices. Corn and oats maintain their strength, due largely to the fear by bears of manipulation. About 2,250,000 bu. corn delivered on November contracts this morning went to Eggleston, who has it bought for John B. Lyon and sold for December. Provisions—A prominent commission house has sold liberally all day of January product supposed to be for the clique. Packers are interested in establishing lower prices to influence the hog market. It is believed, the settlement of the October deal will give us a more natural market and better trade. Charters flax seed, 50,000.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

Trade in wheat was light this afternoon with steady prices ruling. Corn dull, steady. Clover seed, active, higher.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 71c, 1-4c under yesterday's close; No. 3 soft red, 69c; No. 4 soft red, 55c; No. 2 hard, 67c; No. 3 hard, 61 1-2c; No. 2 mixed, 68 1-2c; No. 3 mixed, 65c.

November wheat, 71 3-8c, then 71 1-2c, 1-4c off; December wheat, 72 3-8c, 3-8c decline; May wheat, 78 3-4c, 78 3-8c, then 78 1-2c, 1-4c depressed.

Prices of November and December wheat to-day:

Nov.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	71⅜	71